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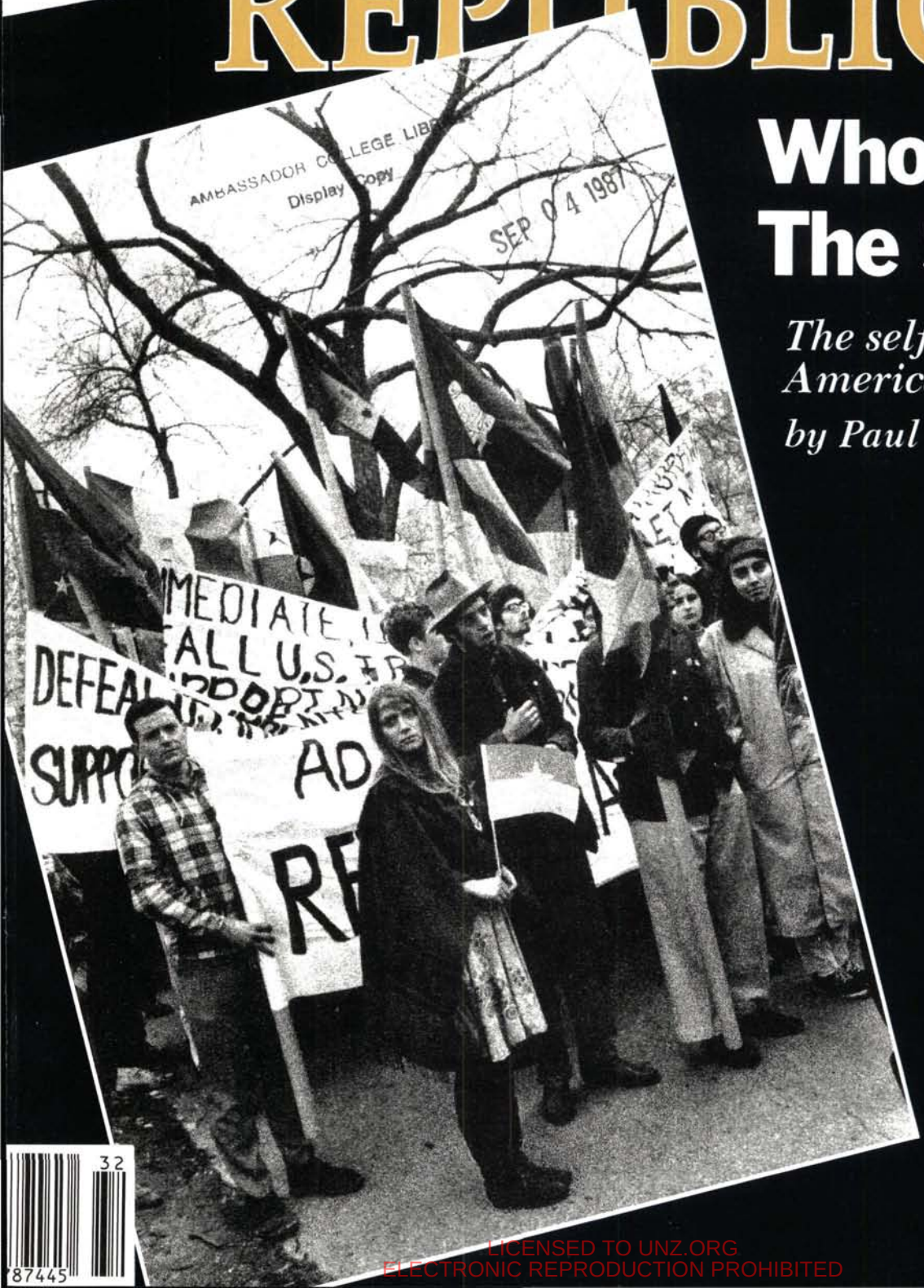
HENRY FAIRLIE DECLARES WAR • WHITE HOUSE WATCH: LIFE AFTER DEATH

HOW JHAMMAD ALI AVED (WHAT'S LEFT OF) HIS BRAINS

THE NEW REPUBLIC



Who Killed The Sixties?

The self-destruction of American radicalism

by Paul Berman

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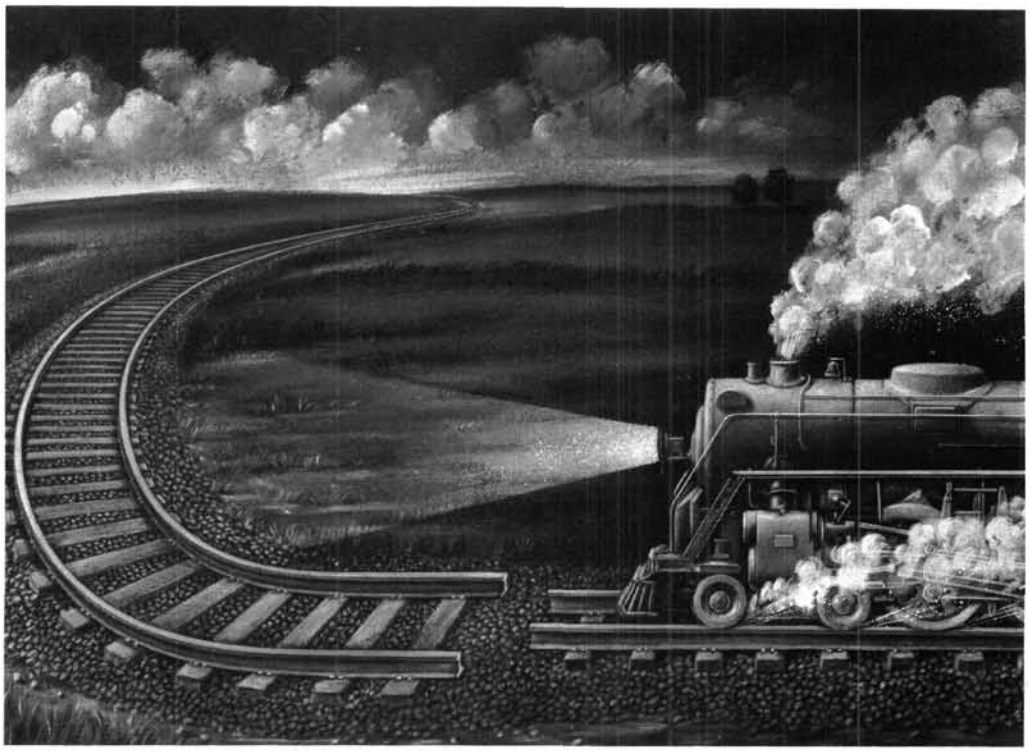
Issues of the Information Age:

The way beyond Babel.



Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

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COVER photo of an anti-war demonstration in New York City, April 1967, by Burt Glinn. © 1967 Magnum Photos. Article on page 28.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Pardon My Spanish

Pardon the heroes of Iranamok? That's the latest summer brainstorm from some of the Reagan administration's more fevered partisans in Congress and the press. The idea of presidential absolution for Oliver North and John Poindexter at least has a certain moral symmetry to recommend it, if nothing else. The scandal itself demonstrated contempt for American democracy. A pardon would demonstrate contempt for the American system of justice. Short of spitting on the flag, that about covers it.

Of course it may be only polite, now that Poindexter has gone up to Capitol Hill and essentially pardoned the president, for the president to turn around and say, "Thanks very much, John. And now here's *your* pardon."

When Gerald Ford pardoned Richard Nixon, Senator Sam Ervin noted that the president's pardon power under the Constitution is broader than that of the Almighty himself, because God only pardons sinners after they've repented. The pardon of Nixon before he could be indicted or tried was an outrage. But at least it was clearly grounded in a spirit of mercy, not triumphant vindication. Ford noted in his proclamation that Nixon had "resigned under shame and disgrace," and even Nixon coughed up a small regret. Poindexter, by contrast, insists, "I don't have regrets for anything that I did." Ollie North would probably have the pardon bronzed and pin it to his chest.

Even to suggest a pardon under these circumstances reveals disdain for the rule of law. Whatever other crimes the dynamic duo may have committed (and if shredding crucial documents in one room while Justice Department investigators are searching files next door isn't a crime, the criminal code needs to be rewritten) at least one of them has committed perjury under oath as recently as the past couple of weeks. North testified that he sent five different memos to Poindexter discussing the diversion of Iran arms sales funds to the *contras*. Poindexter—he of the on-again, off-again photographic memory—says, "I frankly don't think those [memos] existed," except (conveniently) for the one that escaped the shredder.

Do law-and-order types like Senator Orrin Hatch and former White House communications director Patrick J. Buchanan believe that the law should not apply to the people who administer it? Or do they believe that the American justice system couldn't provide a fair trial to these patriots (just as some believed in the 1960s that it couldn't provide a fair trial to Black Panthers)?

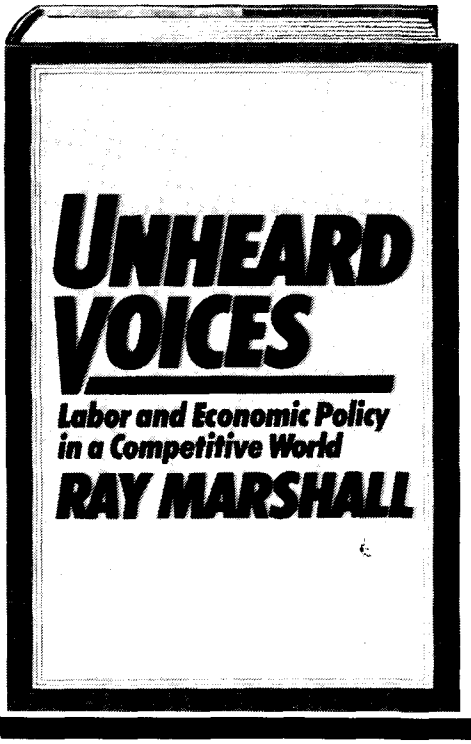
In fact, American justice will lean over backward to acquit North and Poindexter. They will have the nation's most skilled lawyers. And for all of Brendan Sullivan's crocodile tears about the unfairness of the hearings, the hearings were a wonderful gift to any Iranamok lawyer's defense strategy. If North or Poindexter is indicted, you can expect a blizzard of motions charging prejudicial pretrial publicity, misuse of information gathered under immunity, and so on. What American justice offers its most favored defendants is even better than a fair trial: an unfair trial. North and Poindexter may well get off on the kinds of "technicalities" that ordinarily drive right-wingers crazy.

But the right believes that North and Poindexter shouldn't even be indicted, and wouldn't be if it weren't for the excessive independence of independent prosecutor Lawrence Walsh. The Reagan administration has endorsed the faddish notion that the "independent prosecutor" law is an unconstitutional violation of the separation of powers because these officials cannot be fired by the president (which of course is exactly the point).

The performance of the Meese Justice Department in Iranamok—its lumpish lack of curiosity, its virtual invitation to destroy the evidence—is a perfect example of why an administration *cannot* be trusted to investigate itself. Yet starting from nothing more than the constitutional provision that the president "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," conservative constitutional al-

continued on page 42

"UNHEARD VOICES should be heard."
—LESTER C. THUROW, M.I.T.



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Debussy, La Mer; Nocturnes Boston Symphony Orchestra/Davis. Philips *DIGITAL* 115068

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE 27TH AMENDMENT

To the editors:
Hendrik Hertzberg's essay on constitutional reform ("Let's Get Representative," June 29) starts off with a serious factual error. "Nowhere amid the happy noise of the big birthday party for the Constitution," he writes, "can one detect a popular clamor for changing that document." Thirty-two states have called for a constitutional convention for the purpose of proposing a balanced budget amendment; with two more states on board, we will have a convention. Just 34 days before Hertzberg's story appeared, CBS News and the *New York Times* released their poll showing *85 percent* of Americans "favored an amendment requiring Washington to balance the budget." One wonders to what level public support for the amendment must rise before Hertzberg detects a "clamor."

GARY L. BAUER
Assistant to the President
for Policy Development, The White House
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Hendrik Hertzberg misses one of the most exciting changes that would be brought about by his Amendment 27. No longer would presidential primaries be a contest of people trying to gain national recognition. Whereas now only a small number of former presidential and vice presidential candidates have campaigned before the entire U.S. population, under Hertzberg's amendment a full 50 senators, along with the leaders of the lists of representatives, would be elected in nationwide contests. Voters could make more informed presidential decisions, choosing among candidates whose stands and abilities are already familiar.

M. TIMUR FRIEDMAN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:
First Tamar Lewin of the *New York Times* told us that our "best and brightest" young people were moving from the top law firms to the Wall Street investment houses. Now Hendrik Hertzberg writes, "The ambitious, clever, and interesting people tend to abandon the provinces for the metropolis." This assumption—that all the nation's wisdom is found north of Richmond, south of Portsmouth, and within ten miles of I-95—is popular among New York and Washington writers. The Cambridge-Washington axis has led us to the brink of nuclear destruction, the depletion of the ozone layer, and the Third World debt crisis. If this is what happens when great intellects gather in big cities, please spread out and give one another some room.

A. DAVID GRAM
Plainfield, Vermont

WELFARE POINTS

To the editors:
In "The Welfare Strait" (July 6), Robert Kuttner's summary of the findings on state welfare employment programs published by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation may understate what he correctly characterizes as modest achievements. Mr. Kuttner wrote that mandatory work requirements increase the proportion of AFDC people who take jobs by only three to eight percent. This should read "three to eight percentage points," since the increase in the number or proportion of people working is larger (eight to 34 percent). This important difference is often misunderstood. In San Diego, for example, we found the share of people working increased seven percentage points (from 44 to 51 percent), an increase of 16 percent in the number or proportion working.

JUDITH M. GUERON
New York, New York

DEMERITS OF U.S. EDUCATION

To the editors:
Henry Rosovsky's "Highest Education" (July 13) assumes that the "20 or 30 institutions" enrolling less than five percent of U.S. undergraduates and graduate students and employing less than five percent of our faculty are more significant than the other 3,300 institutions enrolling the other 11.5 million students and employing the other 450,000 faculty. Recent critics of higher education, however, having examined U.S. higher education as a system rather

continued on page 42

John McLaughlin fuels the fire while respected journalists Jack Germond, Morton Kondracke, and Robert Novak provide informative and often explosive opinions.
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 10 & 17, 1987

THE VOTING FIELDS

It's been a democratic spring in Southeast Asia. The momentum of the Philippines' revolution 18 months ago has continued with Korea's back-flip into democracy and the end of 40 years of martial law in Taiwan. But there have been democratic twinges in the rest of the region as well. Thailand held a quiet election in May 1986 with a turnout of 61 percent (higher than for elections in the United States). Amid growing calls for a liberalized press, it chalked up its tenth year without a military coup, a record in its postwar existence. In Malaysia's 1986 election the anti-Western Islamic Fundamentalist Party was decisively repudiated. Last April Indonesia's 164 million people enjoyed one of the most incident-free "elections" in their history. Even in this "directed democracy," dominated by President Suharto and his Golkar party, embarrassingly major gains, especially among the young, were won by an opposition party (the PDI) that argued for greater democratization. In Hong Kong polls suggest overwhelming public support for the first direct elections in the colony's history, scheduled for 1988. Whether this precedent will survive the 1997 takeover by Beijing is, of course, another matter.

There is even some surprising news from Vietnam and its client states, Laos and Cambodia. The latest reports point to an ever so grudging *glasnost*, Vietnamese-style, led by the new Party chairman Nguyen Van Linh, nicknamed "little Gorbachev." The "elections" of April 20 were hardly more than a routine backing for the Marxist government, but the methods were new. The number of candidates increased from 600 to 829, contesting 496 seats. For the first time public meetings were held in which ordinary Vietnamese could openly voice any—except fundamental—complaints. In Lang Son province, according to Radio Hanoi, candidates even withdrew from the race after popular "objections," whatever that means.

The persecution of Buddhism and ethnic minorities is unabated, and the forced march to the Marxist-Leninist nirvana continues. But there is still a new pragmatism in the air. Some of this is "follow the Russian leader." But more important is the growing economic success of the Western-style "democracies" in the region, leading to increased demands for real democracy within them. This is prodding their Communist neighbors to liberalize at least their economies in order to compete.

The signs are everywhere. In Cambodia last year the Vietnamese-controlled Heng Samrin regime followed the time-honored democratic tradition of collecting taxes, rents, and utility fees from private businesses. It makes a pleasant change from confiscating them. Premier Hun Sen openly defended reliance on the private sector. "The fact that we're giving our population the opportunity to exercise freedom in the economy and small industry is not as dangerous as the fact that poverty continues to exist," was his touchingly bizarre apology for capitalism last year.

Even in Laos there has been a relaxation of central controls to rescue the country from a great leap forward that resulted in a per capita income lower than Bangladesh, and a drop in industrial production of some 40 percent over the last five years. Alongside all this postmodern Communist realism, the old Leninist leaders are gradually dying off, leaving space for a new generation to take over. It means a pivotal few years for Asian democracy.

Two potential developments threaten this rosy picture. The first is the chance of an outbreak of U.S. protectionism, or a serious downturn in the world economy, either of which could clobber economies already hit by the decline in commodity prices in the last few years. The second is a rise in conservatism in the region, either from Communist hard-liners in Vietnam or disgruntled generals in the democracies still to be born.

To counteract the first, Congress needs to avoid self-defeating and democracy-defeating protectionism, including the hidden protectionism of vast agricultural subsidies, especially of American rice. The promise of liberalized trade with the world's largest market can be an important Western lever for democracy. In the last three years ASEAN's trade with the United States increased by $2 billion, to $16 billion. Its trade with the rest of the world declined by $3 billion.

To deal with the second threat, a clear policy for promoting democracy among our allies needs to be developed as a companion to the Reagan administration's clear ideas about promoting democracy among our enemies. The Philippines, South Korea, and Taiwan have all been hailed as achievements of the Reagan approach. Unfortunately, it stretches

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the imagination to believe this. In none of these cases were there insurgencies consistently supported by the administration. Nor was there any direct—or indirect—military intervention. In all three, an organic and genuine democratic force put intolerable pressure on a regime that the United States then abandoned at a critical juncture. The achievements were primarily those of the Filipino, Korean, and Taiwanese peoples, and securer for it. The successful U.S. policy (part accidental, part deliberate) was: diplomatic distance, an intimate but not partisan relationship with the regime, loud support for nonviolence, and a consistent and vocal commitment to greater democratization. Gently did it.

This administration—and the next—should build on these achievements with a twofold policy. With the Communist states, the choice is between a hostile stalemate and a risky diplomatic opening that exploits the recent liberalization. We think the time is ripe for the latter. The MIA issue, though important, is not the only common interest we have with the Vietnamese, and should be treated as a separate humanitarian issue, as George Shultz reaffirmed last week. For the rest, the United States should use the carrot of tentative economic contact with the Vietnamese, to be expanded if their withdrawal from Cambodia, said to be planned for 1990, really looks like it's happening.

The administration, to its credit, has begun the process. It ended the ban on economic aid to Vietnam-controlled Laos last year, and initiated joint excavations with Vietnamese of MIA sites. Last December it held the first diplomatic discussions at the assistant-secretary level with Vietnam in Hanoi. But along with encouraging the end of Vietnamese control in Cambodia, steps must taken to ensure that a Cambodian tyranny does not succeed the current one. This means counteracting the influence of the Khmer Rouge by backing the democratic forces within the

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE	1	32
2.	PARDON MON AFFAIR	—	1
3.	I'LL SUPPLY THE WAR	3	7
4.	THIS SCEPTERED BILE	—	1
5.	LEFT HAND OF JUSTICE	5	3
6.	PLANE CRAZY	8	2
7.	THE MOSQUITO COST	*	24
8.	NO PLACE LIKE HOME	—	1
9.	LIES AND STATISTICS	—	1
10.	MAN'S BEST FIEND	—	1

1. PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE

Iranamok. It's being said of Poindexter's hari-kari that Reagan has now turned a corner. In terms of television intensity, he has, but it's the same corner he turned after the Tower Report frenzy. Indeed, Reagan has repeatedly turned corners in this scandal, but his progress best describes a man lost in a maze.

2. PARDON MON AFFAIR

Pardons. The media's Olliepardon boomlet, like the haircuts and underwear, seems just another effort to extend and exploit Olliemania. (Reagan, told nothing by the principals, asking them nothing, and ignoring their testimony, is hardly in a credible pardoning position.) North's ubiquitous celebrity is in fact quite fragile: too intense and sudden. Almost the only thing left to do with him is to debunk him.

3. I'LL SUPPLY THE WAR

Contras. Nicaragua is back in the headlines and on TV; even Ortega is getting quoted again. But coverage seems stuck on North's effect, whatever it is, on public opinion. The *contra* story has been transformed into one of Ollie's tangents, and—so far—not much more.

4. THIS SCEPTERED BILE

Thatcher. Was it more humiliating for Thatcher to plead with the U.S. about Europe's need for Reagan's superb leadership, or for the U.S. to listen? The PM's visit may have tried to play to Americans' hopeless Anglophilia, but her cheerleading, taken in 30-second TV bites, came off like a Schweppes ad: classy Brits patting their American cousins on their vulgar but lovable heads, and selling them a line.

5. LEFT HAND OF JUSTICE

Bork. Rhetoric over Bork is truly purple, especially from his enemies. To some conservatives, the Kennedy line ("Out of the muck of Watergate . . ."), the NAACP line, and the NOW line sound like Gus Hall, and they may have something. The American left is trying out its flaccid muscles; this fight could well set the tone for U.S. political dynamics through the elections.

6. PLANE CRAZY

The airline mess. Never mind Delta. The kind of you-gotta-laugh horror stories about U.S. air travel that are now being reported used to be limited to the airlines of West Africa. There was even a saying, WAWA (West Africa Wins Again), that described Western resignation to scheduling impossibilities. U.S. airlines used to constitute a respectable industry. This is Britainization with a vengeance.

7. THE MOSQUITO COST

AIDS. The AIDS muddle (ZC, July 6) is striking. In response to highbrow doubts about hype, the middlebrow press is backtracking. Despite past sky-is-falling stories, the question is becoming whether U.S. straights will develop AIDS in the future. The lowbrow tabloids are confused, with some still flogging panic (mosquitoes and blood) while others pounce on the new no-big-deal angle.

8. NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Cocooning. Observers have long been disturbed by the way in which technological advance, geared to sensory comfort, destroys communal life and values. An innocuous little word is now entering the language to indicate how much the solitary, unsocial future is taken for granted. "Cocooning" is the state you are in when, after work, you are relieved to be alone with your VCR, your air conditioning, and your Domino's pizza.

9. LIES AND STATISTICS

Market research. Market research, the freewheeling industry on which most U.S. public activity now depends, may soon pull in its horns. A major research practitioner is being sued by an unhappy client who claims to have lost millions on bad results. Other researchers, made nervous, are already reviewing their work and presenting results in less cocksure terms. This could be a big chill indeed.

10. MAN'S BEST FIEND

Pit bulls. The pit bull stuff has shown unusual staying power for an animal story, becoming, mutatis mutandis, a man-bites-dog story along the way: if the animals are vicious, it's man's doing. Perhaps, though, the fact is that urbanized Americans have utterly Disneyized animals, especially dogs, in recent decades. The angle-shift reflects the prejudice.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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Cambodian resistance, namely the followers of Prince Sihanouk. A meager $3.35 million was given last year. As an almost textbook case of genuine freedom fighters, Sihanouk's forces could use a lot more. The aim should be to give them a dominant voice in a transitional regime, before elections can be supervised. The rest will be up to the Cambodian people.

In the non-Communist states, pro-democratic forces should be given firm backing, on the Korea-Philippines model. If the administration wants to argue that its "successes" in those two countries weren't just luck and hindsight, here's a chance to prove it. In Korea itself, where the generals are already grumbling, the battle is far from over. Pressuring Chun to include opposition members in his interim Cabinet and sending observers to the elections when they take place would be two useful measures. In Taiwan the ending of martial law should be seen as the beginning—not the end—of democratization. Gradual repeal of repressive legislation still in force curtailing freedom of speech and habeas corpus should be made conditional for continued U.S. support.

In Thailand the United States should continue to support the government militarily (Reagan gave them 12 F-16 fighter bombers in 1985, and over 9,000 U.S. troops took part in joint exercises with the Thais last year). But it should use the aid to push the government toward an elective premiership, and a weakening of the dominance of the military in the unelected upper chamber. With the Communist resistance now crushed, there's no excuse for inaction. It should also firmly support the freer press laws now being considered in the country. Further south, Malaysia's imminent renegotiation of its delicate ethnic truce, enshrined in the New Economic Plan, is stirring up trouble in the country and a government crackdown is under way. Wide powers of summary arrest and non-jury trials for crimes punished with the death penalty are signs of a growing authoritarianism. But the genuine popular support for a tolerant and democratic regime (as the last elections showed) and the need for greater U.S. investment provide an opening for the administration. Strong diplomatic pressure could tip the balance for democracy, or at least hold it steady.

In Indonesia a successor to Suharto will be needed in the next few years. It's a good time for us to back vociferously growing elements in the country who want to see a limited presidential term and greater press freedom. In Hong Kong the United States should persuade the British to support direct elections soon, if necessary before the Chinese revise their own Basic Law—a mini-constitution for a Chinese-run Hong Kong that is now being drafted by Beijing and will probably be approved by China's National People's Congress in 1990. With democracy already in place, it will be harder to budge by the time the Chinese take over.

Singapore's "democracy," where "opposition" means one contrary deputy in the national chamber and where repressive legislation openly outlaws any hints of dissent, is no place for the United States to keep silent. The administration should press for repeal of the Internal Security Act, which allows for detention without trial and which was used in May to imprison ten Catholic social workers and a progressive theater company for a "Marxist conspiracy." Given Singapore's complete reliance on Western investment, the leverage is there.

"Constructive Engagement" are now two dirty words. In Southeast Asia, they needn't be. Using a mix of diplomatic, military, and economic pressure to kindle a genuine and gradual Asian democratic thaw is one of the most fruitful policy initiatives now available to any administration. Korea and the Philippines were largely surprises. They shouldn't have been. If future Pol Pots and Marcoses are to be avoided in Southeast Asia, now's the time to do a little for democracy, and to do it well.

NOTEBOOK

□ HEARTBREAK HODEL: Last week we published a letter from Interior Secretary Donald Hodel denying that he ever recommended the wearing of hats, lotion, and sunglasses as a solution to the ozone depletion problem. "I can claim no credit for the sunglasses and sun hats idea," he wrote. "Where such a ludicrous suggestion came from remains a mystery." If Hodel truly never said such a ludicrous thing at a White House meeting, as alleged, an even greater mystery is why he and his aides spent the first few days after the remark was reported explaining it away rather than flat out denying it. The *Washington Post*, May 30: "Hodel . . . told the Associated Press he was just trying to make sure President Reagan wasn't confronted with only a single option, adding that a hats-lotion-and-glasses policy was a possible fallback. . . ." The *Los Angeles Times*, same day: "A spokesman for Hodel, David Prosperi, said he did not know precisely how Hodel had phrased his suggestion . . . but did not deny that it stressed urging people to protect themselves from the sun." Hodel's letter to TNR is skillfully written to imply that he never said anything about sunglasses, while literally saying only that he never proposed this as "*the* answer" (emphasis added) to the ozone problem. So we suppose it doesn't count as an outright lie. But then, who's counting these days?

□ LOST IN TRANSLATION:

Editors Spotlighting Soviet Ills Win Support From Gorbachev

—*Los Angeles Times*, July 15

Gorbachev Puts Limits On Glasnost

Soviet Editors Told To Honor Socialism

—*Washington Post*, same day

□ THE PIED PIPER OF HEMLINES: Long ago, in a different era, a young journalist named Gloria Steinem became famous

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by going to work as a Playboy bunny. She allowed herself to be photographed in a bunny outfit in order to expose the exploitation of women's bodies for commercial profit. In the current *Vanity Fair*, Ms. Steinem displays her still-shapely gams once more, this time in a full-page photo celebrating the alleged return of the miniskirt. If she feels exploited, it is not discernible from her frozen grin.

□ CAPITALISM 202: INVESTING IN POLYP FUTURES: "The price of MCA Inc. shares soared Friday on rumors about the health of ailing Chairman Lew R. Wasserman. . . . He was instrumental in building MCA, parent of Universal Pictures, from a small talent agency into a major entertainment and real estate concern. . . . Mr. Wasserman had surgery at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center on June 24 to remove polyps from his colon."—*Wall Street Journal*, July 13.

□ SUMMER AND SMOKE: This is a combined issue. In honor of the bicentennial of the Constitution, TNR will not publish next week so that our writers may lie on the beach and dream up new amendments, in the tradition of the Founding Fathers.

□ THAT ABOUT COVERS IT: "Time and space are the two most important realities here."—A. M. Rosenthal from Jerusalem, *New York Times*, July 16

Democracy under stress.

A Visit To Salvador

San Salvador

In the United States it's the fashion right now to focus gloomily on El Salvador's enormous problems, to question whether it can sustain its democracy, or even to deny that Salvador deserves to be called a democracy. But Americans really ought to congratulate the Salvadorans (and ourselves) on how far Salvador has come in eight years, while figuring out how to make Salvador's democracy self-sustaining. That includes maintaining aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* unless and until Central America's presidents can put together a tough peace plan that will push Nicaragua toward democracy.

In interviews (as part of a trip arranged—but not paid for—by the neoconservative group Prodemca), Salvadoran president José Napoleón Duarte and his defense minister, Gen. Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, avoided endorsing aid to the *contras*. Supporters say they don't want to offend anti-*contra* members of Congress. They also disagreed with *contra* supporters who say that a *contra* cutoff will so encourage the Salvadoran guerrillas and terrify the military that a right-wing coup will ensue. But, they said, a cutoff would enable the Sandinistas to increase support for the guerrillas.

Duarte said, "The Arias plan [a peace proposal by Costa Rican president Oscar Arias] would be a political barrier. But if we did not have a political barrier, then we need a physical barrier to reduce the amount of arms coming in." The *contras* are that barrier. Duarte charged that though the Sandinistas pretend to support the Arias plan, they are trying to torpedo it because they do not want to risk allowing a free press and elections, as it would require. Duarte interprets the Arias plan as not requiring immediate withdrawal of U.S. support for the *contras*, although as put forward by Arias, it does call for a cease-fire and a halt in foreign support for all guerrilla movements prior to any moves to democracy in Nicaragua. That sequence has elicited skepticism from the United States.

Duarte's view of Sandinista tactics is bolstered by a Nicaraguan Foreign Ministry memo to President Daniel Ortega, dated June 13, declaring the Arias plan "completely unacceptable," but saying that Nicaragua should appear interested in peace talks while delaying them in a manner that puts blame on the "intransigence of the imperialists." It advocates Nicaraguan peace initiatives through the Contadora process (which does not require Nicaraguan movement toward democracy) in order to influence the outcome of congressional debate on the *contras*. Nicaragua, the memo says, should be "ready to give some temporary concessions to internal opposition parties," but only under control of the Sandinista security apparatus.

At home, Duarte and democracy are beset, as ever, by enemies on the right and left and by endemic poverty. More than 100,000 people in San Salvador live in wretched corrugated metal shacks following last October's devastating earthquake, and they are likely to remain there because the world has come up with only $50 million in emergency relief (all of it from the United States). Although Salvador's per capita GNP ($820 in 1985) is greater than that of such democracies as India and the Philippines, the economy is stagnant because of the earthquake, falling coffee prices, the ravages of war, and total distrust between the investor class and Duarte's government.

Meanwhile, the guerrillas have between 5,000 and 6,000 fighters in the field, who blow up $20 million worth of power pylons every year and are capable of occasional spectaculars such as the March 31 raid on the El Paraíso army garrison, which killed 69 soldiers and an American military adviser. Captured documents indicate that the guerrillas are trying to re-infiltrate the cities and to provoke the police and military into overreacting against leftist labor demonstrators to create martyrs and new radicals.

On the right, the private sector detests Duarte's economic policy, which includes land reform, bank nationalization, and state ownership of export companies. And powerful elements of the military grouse that human rights restrictions, disunity among civilians, and corruption among politicians prevent them from winning the war as quickly as they could if given a free hand.

Salvadoran and U.S. officials agree that the guerrillas cannot win a straightforward military victory. But public dissatisfaction could lead to electoral victories by the right, a reversal of political and land reforms, new human rights violations, and a leftist resurgence. Or elements of the

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military could stage a coup and revert to their brutal ways of 1980-82. That could lead to a withdrawal of U.S. support and eventual Communist victory.

But Salvador has come so far during the past seven years that Americans ought to be reasonably optimistic. In 1980 civilian deaths were running at 800 a month, most of them attributable to the military and right-wing death squads. Now the U.S. Embassy count is down to 22 per month, mostly attributable to the guerrillas. The embassy estimates are challenged by the Roman Catholic Church's human rights office, Tutela Legal, which claims that the military is still committing most of the atrocities, but even it acknowledges that the number of deaths is down dramatically.

Tutela Legal complains that Duarte, though well meaning, can't control the military. Meanwhile, former Col. Sigifredo Ochoa, now a top organizer for the right-wing Arena party, complains that Vides Casanova is too subservient to Duarte and too observant of U.S.-imposed human rights restrictions. "We are America's allies," Ochoa said in an interview, "but you should not expect us to be a democracy in the North American sense." The good news is that Ochoa resigned from the military too late to run for president in the 1988 elections.

Human rights education has become an important priority for the Salvadoran military—although Vides Casanova still sees it as an impediment to military success, rather than an asset. It's clear that Congress's restrictions on military aid have had good effects. And American support has resulted in a vast strengthening and professionalization of the military. The changes were evident during the July labor riots in San Salvador. In 1980 anti-government demonstrators numbered 200,000. In July there were 200. In 1980 troops likely would have fired point-blank at the crowds. This time, they shot into the air. And, to ward off the possibility that the left could get its martyrs, security director Carlos Reynaldo Lopez Nuila said he has urgently requested tear gas, water cannon, and rubber bullets from the United States for future riot control.

EL SALVADOR is a fragile democracy under extreme stress. But it has held one presidential election and is likely to make it to the next, when American officials hope that Duarte (who can't succeed himself) will be replaced by a moderate technocrat, Christian Democrat Fidel Angel Chavez Mena, who might shift to a more market-oriented economic policy and begin to reconcile the government and the private sector. There is not likely to be improvement in the economy before 1989, but the United States could do its part by lifting restrictions on key Salvadoran exports—sugar, textiles, and processed coffee—and by releasing economic aid in a timely fashion.

The administration might have helped wreck the Salvadoran economy by refusing to grant special immigration status to hundreds of thousands of Salvadorans living illegally in the United States, adding to the unemployment burden here and denying the economy the benefit of remittances sent back here, a major source of Salvadoran income. Fortunately, Congress is on the way to granting a two-year suspension of deportations.

In Honduras and Nicaragua, the parties in Central America's other epic struggle are awaiting the outcome of debate in Washington on aid for the *contras*. The *contra* movement seems to have done its part to earn refunding. About 14,000 troops have re-infiltrated Nicaragua since last December. The Sandinista government acknowledges that 100 engagements a week are taking place. Administration officials say the *contras* have destroyed six Soviet-made Sandinista helicopters, and have overrun several garrisons and cooperatives. *Contra* leaders claim that cooperatives are not civilian and agricultural, but are increasingly militarized as the Sandinistas relocate peasants to keep them from aiding the guerrillas.

VISITS TO WOUNDED young *contra* peasant troops in a Honduran hospital belie the *Doonesbury* image of a gang of thuggish layabout mercenaries, and *contra* records and political pronouncements belie their reputation as "Somocistas." They may not all be human-rights-loving democrats, but they are closer to it than the Sandinistas.

According to the *contras'* top military commander, Enrique Bermudez, the insurgents could not operate inside Nicaragua without help from the population. "We depend upon them for food, intelligence, and caring for the wounded. We don't airdrop food to our men, and we don't have any way to evacuate our wounded except by land. So they need to get help from the population."

Bermudez said his initial strategy was to re-establish his forces' position of 1984, before Congress's last aid cutoff forced most of the guerrilla army to retreat to bases in Honduras. The current phase is to expand areas of control, and the next will be to stage raids on cities in the central part of the country. The *contras* have the ability to knock down power lines in the western part of the country, where Managua is located, but urban infiltration is impossible because of tight Sandinista security controls.

Civilian *contra* leaders are more bullish than Bermudez. Directorate member Adolfo Calero predicted that "in 12 months, the Sandinistas could be on the point of collapse. That's when we go into the cities for the kill." He and other civilians were making excited claims about a major July 16 raid on a garrison in the town of San José de Bocay about 40 miles inside Nicaragua. But June Carolyn Erlick, a *Miami Herald* reporter who visited the scene, found that the *contras* actually had inflicted limited military damage and that three children were among the dead, after *contras* threw grenades into houses. Stephen Kinzer of the *New York Times* reported that a pregnant woman was also killed.

If such accounts are accurate, the *contras* can't succeed on a long-term basis in attracting popular support. Yet it's a fabrication to brand the *contras* "Somocista." Bermudez is the lone former high-ranking National Guard officer in the entire movement, and he was sent off to be a military attaché in Washington when former dictator Anastasio Somoza was committing atrocities in order to save his regime. In 1983 the *contras* purged their ranks of all former National Guard colonels, majors, and captains. Of 82 com-

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pany and battalion commanders in the *contra* army, only five are former National Guardsmen, none higher ranking than lieutenant. The 82 include 26 who formerly served in the Sandinista army.

Nicaragua has no experience with democracy, any more than El Salvador had, but under U.S. influence the *contras* are promising democracy, just as under U.S. influence El Salvador is creating it.

MORTON KONDRACKE

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

LIFE AFTER DEATH

JUST BEFORE President Reagan was to address the nation on Iranamok last March, word was passed to the White House from John Poindexter, the ousted national security adviser, that the president should be careful about what he said concerning Poindexter. This made Reagan and his advisers skittish. Aides scurried around the White House to see if Poindexter might implicate Reagan on the big question. Had he ever suggested to anyone that Reagan knew of the diversion of Iranian arms sales money to the *contras*? Quite the contrary, they discovered. Poindexter had told three people, including Vice President Bush, that the president didn't have a glimmer. On top of this, Reagan insisted he was in the dark. "As I told the Tower Board, I didn't know about any diversion of funds to the *contras*," he said in the speech on March 4. Reagan didn't mention Poindexter.

Still, there was queasiness at the White House when Poindexter began his testimony before the congressional Iran-*contra* committee. Would he back Reagan's account? "You don't know until you know," said Richard Wirthlin, the president's pollster. Shortly before noon on July 15, everyone knew. Reagan was among the last to find out. He was delivering a speech to minority business leaders in the auditorium of the Executive Office Building when Poindexter absolved him. Marlin Fitzwater, the White House spokesman, watched it on television and rushed from his West Wing office to tell Reagan. The president was emerging from the elevator on the first floor of EOB when Fitzwater reached him. "Have you heard?" Fitzwater asked. "No," said Reagan. "Poindexter said he didn't tell you about the diversion," Fitzwater said. "Good," the president responded.

That was putting it mildly. The alternative, if Poindexter had testified that Reagan had known about the diversion, was an impeachment crisis and instant evaporation of the president's remaining influence in Washington. The nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court would be dead, aid to the *contras* finished, etc. Instead, because of the back-to-back testimony of Lt. Col. Oliver North and Poindexter, the White House was handed a political opening, a chance to go on the offensive. It touched off a fluttering in the ranks, largely among junior presidential aides and administration officials outside the White House. "There's a tremendous opportunity," said Education Secretary William Bennett. "We're back in the game," exclaimed a White House official. But there was no talk like this at the top, from Reagan and his circle of senior advisers.

They were still apprehensive about the Iran-*contra* hearings. At the senior staff meeting on July 20 Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, warned against overconfidence. "It's not over 'til it's over," he said. "There are still major witnesses. People who think this is over are dead wrong." The problem, said a Baker deputy, is that "you don't know what somebody might say" in the hearings. So the strategy, devised by Baker, is to cool it until the hearings end in early August. Thus, aides were angry over an article in the *Washington Post* on July 19 by Patrick J. Buchanan, the former White House communications director, that called for a Reagan offensive. It made pardons for North and Poindexter an issue—Buchanan said both should be pardoned—just as Reagan aides were trying to keep attention on Poindexter's vindication of the president. And when word appeared in *U.S. News and World Report* that Gary Bauer, the White House domestic adviser, had given $300 to the Oliver North Defense Fund, there was talk that Bauer had blundered badly.

Reagan himself was described by one adviser as champing at the bit to fire back at the Iran-*contra* committee. Like others at the White House, he saw poll results from Wirthlin and the *Los Angeles Times* that indicated the committee had lost public favor. In one Wirthlin sampling, 80 percent said the committee was politically motivated, not searching for facts. But Reagan kept quiet about the committee, muzzled by First Lady Nancy Reagan, the adviser said. Fitzwater was also eager to attack the committee, but he never let on in his daily briefings at the White House. "Congress has been discredited," he said privately. "I don't believe people can look at those hearings and say they are not a self-righteous, pious ploy by partisan Democrats." First Democrats "wanted to get the president. Now they want to get *contra* aid and Bork. It's partisan politics." By exposing Democrats as egregiously partisan, the hearings actually helped Reagan, he said. "Maybe I'm grasping at straws." Maybe he is.

More important was whether Reagan is able to help himself. The man is 76, and by all accounts his mood is not continuously upbeat, as it was before the scandal broke last November. A piece by Thomas DeFrank in *Newsweek* on July 13 characterized Reagan as practically a vegetable, and Reagan was affronted when he read it. So was his brother-in-law, Dr. Richard Davis of Philadelphia, who wrote to *Newsweek* saying that it wasn't qualified to make a judgment about the president's condition. In any case, Reagan isn't plotting a furious comeback effort. "Once TV ends [its coverage of the hearings], it's all over," said Fitzwater. "The public interest will diminish, and they'll be able to see the president leading again." For the near term, they'll be able to see Reagan delivering a nationally televised speech on

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Iranamok after the hearings close, but not much more. No press conference is planned, and no barnstorming. On August 13 Reagan departs Washington for his California ranch on a vacation lasting until September 7.

The president appears comfortable devoting the summer to what his aides call EBOR, or "ee-bore." That's "the economic bill of rights" that Reagan unveiled in a speech on July 3. The entire proposal, a rehash of ideas from former Reagan adviser Martin Anderson and economist Milton Friedman, is harmless enough. Most of it—privatization, line-item veto, balanced budget amendment, three-fifths or more majority in Congress to pass a tax increase—stands no chance of becoming law. But Reagan can talk passionately about EBOR anyway. Kenneth Cribb, the White House aide in charge of EBOR, says the president was "really determined to influence the debate in 1988 and beyond." Fat chance of that. EBOR amounts to Reagan boilerplate designed to keep the president cheerful and busy until Iranamok fades and an arms control treaty is ready for signing.

It keeps him from more timely, and difficult, issues such as the *contras* and Bork. North's defense of the *contra* cause increased public support for the Nicaraguan rebels and prompted Reagan to give a Saturday radio address on July 18 on the subject. But this is not the same as a major speech with full press coverage. Saturday speeches "are marginally useful, at best," says a senior aide. Rather than have Reagan do more, officials said he must wait for the hearings to end. Besides, why can't other administration bigwigs step forward and lead on the *contra* issue? asked a White House aide. "Where's George Shultz? Where's Caspar Weinberger? Where are those other people? Why can't they put their toes on the mark?" The answer is, they're not willing if the president hasn't put his there first. That's the way administrations operate.

On Bork, Reagan was more irrelevant yet. A Saturday radio chat was devoted to Bork, but no more. Last summer the Justice Department ran the confirmation campaign for Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justice Antonin Scalia. This time the White House has taken over, and done nothing but hold meetings. One problem is that none of the top honchos at the White House—Reagan, Baker, deputy chief of staff Kenneth Duberstein—has taken charge. The matter is left with William Ball, the White House congressional liaison. He is a skilled lobbyist, but getting Bork confirmed requires a broad strategy, not simply lobbying. "I'm very worried," says a senior official. "The opponents have been organizing for some time. We've been sitting back. If we argue this on their terms, we'll lose." Bennett, for one, thinks the White House should demand that Senator Joseph Biden, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, step aside for the Bork confirmation hearings, since he's already declared his opposition. "He cannot conduct an impartial hearing," says Bennett. "His entire motivation is political." Too true, White House aides agree, but they regard the Bennett tactic as too risky.

With Reagan, you always have to put in a caveat. He's risen to the occasion before. My guess is that he can't do it again; the odds are too great this time. But you never know. At a luncheon with his aides in the Cabinet Room on July 20, Bauer asked if Reagan had read Buchanan's piece advising a political blitzkrieg, starting soon. Reagan nodded. But he didn't say a word. He just smiled.

FRED BARNES

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

HOLE IN THE HEAD

"ALI BRAIN SURGERY," screamed the headlines, "CHAMP FACES THE TOUGHEST FIGHT OF HIS LIFE." The story, printed and broadcast around the world, stated that Muhammad Ali was about to undergo a rare operation in Mexico City. Surgeons would transplant tissue into his brain to treat the Parkinson's syndrome that has slowed his speech and movements. As the commotion hit its peak, Ali boarded a 727 for Chicago, leaving Mexico City and its brain surgeons. The champ may have taken a few hard punches, but, as he has often said, he is no fool.

Even before Ali briefly considered the surgery this treatment had been getting a lot of press. It has raised hopes among many of the one million Americans who suffer from Parkinson's disease. Yet there is no proof that the operation will benefit anyone, and there are good reasons to fear it could be harmful. The sudden notoriety and rapidly growing popularity of the "brain transplant" procedure illustrate how medicine, especially surgery, often is driven not by a scientific determination of what is best for the patient, but by fads and the egos of the men with the scalpels.

Ali was in Mexico to attend a session of the World Boxing Council. According to associates of Ali, Jose Sulaiman, chairman of the WBC, introduced the champ to Dr. Ignacio Madrazo, the neurosurgeon who had performed the operation on several Mexicans with Parkinson's disease. Ali does not have Parkinson's disease, but a syndrome with similar symptoms—probably the result of a lifetime of being hit in the head for a living—and even if the operation cured the disease it might not work for the syndrome. Ali, his friends say, listened politely as the surgeon urged him to undergo the operation. He then telephoned his doctors in the United States, who advised strongly against it. That night Dr. Madrazo appeared on television and announced there was "a great chance" he would operate on Ali. The next morning Ali was gone.

It is easy to understand Dr. Madrazo's heady confidence that he could sell his operation. He had developed it only recently, and soon after he published his first results neurosurgeons throughout the United States either began performing the surgery or planned to do so. Earlier this month more than 100 neurosurgeons attended a symposium on brain transplantation in Rochester, New York. Madrazo and others presented their latest results. According to one

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physician at the meeting, "You could almost see the surgeons' mouths watering, they were so eager to go home and try the surgery." As he put it, "There are times in medicine when reason seems to fall asleep. This is one of those times. Most of the surgeons could not agree on what the surgery would accomplish or exactly how to do it. They just wanted to cut."

IN THE WEEKS since the meeting the public relations departments of medical centers, one after another, have been announcing that their surgeons will undertake the new procedure. The announcements usually appear prominently in the local papers and news broadcasts. The term "brain transplantation" fascinates because it evokes images of a Frankenstein-like exchange. In fact, the surgeon removes some tissue from the patient's adrenal glands, just above the kidneys, and injects it into a portion of the brain. Some surgeons glibly refer to the operation as "the squirt technique."

The rationale for this treatment put forward by Madrazo and others is that the adrenal tissue replaces dopamine, a chemical that transmits information inside the brain and that is deficient in people with Parkinson's disease. The problem is that almost no research supports that claim, and many scientists doubt it. Moreover, this same operation had been tried on a few patients in Sweden in the 1970s and abandoned after the patients showed little or no improvement. (The Swedes also have been doing animal experiments in preparation for transplanting fetal brain cells into human brains. Many people believe this approach offers more promise, but there is no rush to try it on a large number of patients.) Experiments at the U.S. National Institutes of Health on monkeys with Parkinson's symptoms produced negative results as well.

The new operation came to the attention of the American public and most American surgeons in the lead article of the April 2 issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Madrazo and his colleagues reported that three patients with Parkinson's disease who had undergone the surgery had shown dramatic improvement for a period of several months after the operation. You don't need a medical degree to realize that three cases don't prove much. Any physician treating Parkinson's knows that it can go into remission for months in response to a placebo or for no apparent reason. And many fear that in addition to the severe risks of any brain surgery, tissue implanted in the brain could grow out of control and become a tumor, months or years after the operation.

In its quest to become the world's pre-eminent medical journal, the *New England Journal of Medicine* has featured articles in recent years whose quality many doctors have questioned. But the *Journal*'s motives are less troubling than those of the neurosurgeons who want to drill a hole in a patient's skull and insert some tissue as soon as possible.

It is one of the great paradoxes of American medicine that before a drug can be marketed it must undergo years of tightly monitored tests, first in animals and then in people, to prove it is safe and effective, but there is no regulation at all of surgery. Anyone with a medical degree can, in the name of therapy, do whatever he or she wants to a patient. No proof of either safety or efficacy is required. The only restraint, if it exists at all, is a committee of the physician's colleagues at the hospital where the procedure is performed.

There are approximately 3,000 neurosurgeons in the United States certified by the American Board of Neurological Surgery. According to a spokeswoman for the board, about 1,000 other surgeons, who are not board certified, perform neurosurgery. By contrast, in the United Kingdom, with one-quarter of the population, slightly more than 100 surgeons practice the specialty. All Britons might not get the medical care they want, but the figures point clearly to a glut of neurosurgeons here. Many in the United States are looking for new excuses to crack crania, and the transplants offer one.

There have been other questionable fads in neurosurgery. For many years Dr. Irving Cooper, a well-known New York neurosurgeon, treated Parkinson's disease by drilling holes in the skulls of his patients and pouring in freezing liquid to destroy large areas of the brain. Some patients improved for long periods, some temporarily, but many were left either paralyzed, unable to speak, or both.

The best-known saga of brain surgery gone wild is, of course, the story of lobotomies. In Elliott Valenstein's excellent book *Great and Desperate Cures*, he details how the Portuguese surgeon Egas Moniz decided to undertake the procedure on the first patient. Moniz had almost no theoretical basis for deciding that he could cure mental illness by destroying large sections of the brain, but he sliced anyway. Walter Freeman, the American who carried out 3,500 lobotomies, had no more understanding, and he remained blind to ample evidence of the ineffectiveness and destructiveness of the operation. So did much of the medical and lay press. In 1949, when lobotomies had become commonplace, the *New England Journal of Medicine* wrote that "a new psychiatry may be said to have been born in 1935, when Moniz took his first bold step."

IT MAY BE that despite the lack of theory, transplantation of adrenal tissue into the brain someday may prove to be a legitimate treatment for Parkinson's disease. But given the uncertainties, it would seem more appropriate to determine that with a small controlled study over several years than with a rush to carry out a new procedure in different ways in as many places as possible.

Caution is particularly appropriate because the outlook for people with Parkinson's disease is much more hopeful now than it was only a few years ago. A break came in 1982 when a group of heroin addicts in San Jose, California, got Parkinson's from a batch of badly made synthetic heroin. By studying how the street chemical brought on the symptoms, scientists have learned much about the disease, including new strategies for treatment. The National Institutes of Health have just begun a large study of two new, promising drugs. Remember, drug trials take years. Meanwhile anyone who is offered the new surgery

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might consider following the example of the former heavyweight champion.

ROBERT BAZELL

Robert Bazell is the science correspondent for NBC News.

WASHINGTON SCENE

CLOSER ENCOUNTERS

THE HIGH POINT of the annual convention of the Mutual UFO Network (or MUFON), held this year at American University, came when the aliens' kidnapping victims took the stage. Whitley Strieber told how in December 1985 he was abducted from his cabin in upstate New York by a group of beings, including some with "wide faces, appearing either dark gray or dark blue, with glittering deep-set eyes, pug noses, and broad, somewhat human mouths." Among other indignities, Strieber was subjected to anal rape with a mechanical probe and had a shiny needle poked into his brain. The alien spokesman, whose accent was "flat and startlingly Midwestern," didn't bother with an explanation. Strieber is, as you might expect, still a little edgy.

"There's a man here who has called me a liar in public," Strieber roared, referring to the UFO movement's Antichrist, a debunker named Philip Klass. Turning toward Klass, who was taping and photographing the session from the foot of the stage, Strieber took a letter from his pocket and began screaming it aloud. The letter transcribed questions and answers from a polygraph exam that Strieber had passed. "Question: Did you invent this tale for commercial gain?" Strieber read. "Answer: No!" he yelled, and the crowd roared in echo. "Are visitors a physical reality?" "Yes! yes! yes! I think they may be, indeed." With the crowd hollering as if they were at a prizefight, Strieber strode toward Klass and thrust the letter at him. "Keep this, Mr. Klass." Seven other abductees, three men and four women, went on to tell their tales.

I had my first close encounter with MUFON members at an opening night cocktail party. I'd expected a few dozen lonely souls, the type you edge away from in the subway, with a smattering of briefcase-toting oddballs. Instead, it looked as if someone had stirred together a bunch of accountants, a dollop of academics wearing standard-issue corduroy jackets and wool ties, a few California types reeking of astrology, some overbearing insurance salesmen monopolizing passers-by, and several family groups in Bermuda shorts on their summer holidays.

But conventional as the conventioneers appeared, things changed when you turned up the sound. ". . . Hovering above a cornfield," I heard someone say, and then from another direction, ". . . wondering what could have tramped down the grass so flat and then I fell asleep, and then there came two claps like this that woke me up, and it was moving across the sky, about this fast, and I said, 'Wait a minute, this thing's got no wings and it's breaking the sound barrier.' "

Every kind of conspiracy theory could be heard, enough to make a buff nostalgic for the Warren Report days. I withstood several minutes of a fat man in sports jacket and sneakers with an unfathomable theory about Star Wars and UFOs. But I met only one out-and-out nut, a man of about 60 in a knit shirt who held his cigarette so that the ash fell not on the floor but into his exposed palm. "Why did they pick me? That's the question," he said. "I'll tell you why. Because there are two forces in this world, good and evil, God and the devil. And when does the devil reveal himself? On September 17."

WELCOME TO THE wonderful world of aliens. These are boom times in the UFO biz, which had been in the doldrums since the glory days of *ET* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The MUFON convention was overflowing; memberships in UFO groups are up; three UFO books—*Communion* (by Strieber), *Intruders*, and *Light Years*—were published this spring by major publishers and are selling well. But we're a long way from huggable ET. "Nowadays," Strieber says, "men find themselves on examining tables in flying saucers with vacuum devices attached to their privates, while women must endure the very real agony of having their pregnancies disappear." No more Mr. Nice Guy.

Why now? As with explanations of the stock market's ups and downs, after-the-fact explanations of UFO booms and fizzles are easy to come by but don't explain much. The leading explanation today has to do with deep-seated and apocalyptic fears associated with approaching the millennium. But don't neglect the straightforward. UFOs are no longer a minority taste: according to the most recent Gallup Poll, from 1978, 57 percent of college-educated Americans believe in extraterrestrials. (For Americans without a college education, the figure drops to 46 percent.) *Communion* has earned Strieber over $1 million so far and has been on the best-seller list 18 weeks.

At the conference, people were excited, convinced that this is the year UFOs will finally make it to the mainstream. They are counting not just on the abduction books, but on a scandal, a government cover-up the UFO community has already dubbed Cosmicgate. The charge, which has been kicking around UFO circles for years, is that a flying saucer and its crew of aliens crash-landed in the New Mexico desert in 1947. The Air Force was notified, scooped up the saucer debris and the alien corpses, and successive administrations have kept them secret and in storage ever since.

The new evidence is a document, purportedly a 1952 briefing to President-elect Eisenhower from the director of the CIA, telling of the crash and of the aliens on ice. It was mailed anonymously to a UFO researcher in 1984. He made it public this May. The *New York Times* gave the story good play, to the UFO buffs' delight, but Klass,

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the debunker, calls it an "outright hoax."

Eisenhower was Army chief of staff in 1947, Klass notes, and therefore was sure to have been told that the Army Air Forces had recovered a crashed saucer and crew. Would the dead aliens have slipped his mind by 1952? Moreover, Klass points to two other government documents, whose authenticity is unquestioned, which undermine the claim of a 1947 saucer crash. Both date from 1952 and report that the CIA and Air Force Intelligence, among other agencies, were exploring whether UFOs might possibly come from outer space. Who would speculate about whether spaceships were real when they could go to a warehouse and examine little alien bodies?

But dates and memos aside, the real clincher is that the alien stories seem awfully parochial. There may be intelligent life out there—it's hard to imagine otherwise—but why should it look and act like us? If evolution is a series of countless, random events, why little gray men rather than conscious clouds or smart sponges or God knows what? Whatever the evidence, today's joyriding, kidnapping aliens have one thing in common with the delegates in Washington. They don't seem nearly alien enough.

EDWARD DOLNICK

Edward Dolnick is a Washington writer.

The question they never asked.

BRING BACK WAR

AMONG ALL THE questions raised by the bizarre conduct of the Reagan administration in the Iran-*contra* arms deal, no one has asked perhaps the most obvious one. If the American cause in Nicaragua is so urgent, why does the administration not submit a War Resolution to Congress, thus formally declaring war, and openly send in American troops?

In the past when a civilized nation went to war, it issued an ultimatum to the offending power—as Britain and France did to Germany in 1939. When the time stipulated in the ultimatum had expired, the ambassador of the offending nation was summoned and civilly told that the two countries were at war. Everything was clear. The ultimatum stated the casus belli, defining and so limiting the objectives for which the war would be fought; the declaration of war under international law unambiguously implied adherence to international law; finally, when the objectives had been achieved, a treaty of peace would be signed, with attention to restoring an international order in which both the victorious and defeated nation could cooperate amicably. War in the Western tradition was a civil act. That was the underpinning of the idea of a just war.

But instead of going to war today, nations—well, what do nations do? Rather than declaring war in Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson obtained a Tonkin Resolution. Congress gave the president the authority to go to war, but without any clear statement of objectives, without saying who the enemy was, and without the American people understanding what they were doing in that godforsaken part of the world. Britain did not declare war on Argentina when it sent an armada across the world to hold an island of sheep; it declared an Exclusion Zone. Thus although it won the fighting and kept the sheep, it could not make peace. To this day no treaty has been signed by which Argentina acknowledges Britain's sovereignty over the Falklands. Some of the most ferocious fighting of this century has been taking place for years between Iran and Iraq. But they are not at war. When the United States Air Force struck at Libyan soil and the Libyan people—an act of war, by any definition—it was (as it still is) at peace with Libya. Given that virtually no nation is currently at war, the world should be restfully at peace. The opposite is true. We live in an anarchy of war.

The most profound impression left by the testimony of Oliver North and others is that this anarchy of war is now taken for granted, and that we can expect our public servants to behave in the lawless manner they so disingenuously described. In the wonderland into which North led us through the looking glass, where everything is back to front, the term "covert operations" insufficiently embraces the kinds of miscellaneous activities that he undertook. For North was not speaking of specific *operations*, which might have clear and limited objectives, and for which specific authorization could be sought within the administration and from Congress. He was describing a state of undeclared, unlimited *covert war*, which the United States may wage at the choice of little more than the National Security Council, for some vague purposes (defending democracy), with vague allies (democratic freedom fighters), against vague enemies (the evil empire, communism, Muslim fundamentalism, terrorism), who may be imagined anywhere.

Under these circumstances, on whom would you declare war? On the presently legitimate government of Nicaragua? But according to North the Nicaraguan government is not the real enemy. On Cuba, since North sees Cubans everywhere, in numbers that even the administration disputes? But Cuba is apparently not the ultimate enemy in Nicaragua. So why not declare war on Russia? Having to make a formal declaration of war before you begin killing people—or subsidizing and arming other people to kill each other—at least introduces some gravity into the decision. It is gravity that was absent from North's own conception of what he was doing.

TO RECALL the days before 1945, when nations declared war (even Hitler declared war on America, which saved FDR the embarrassment of having to invent a casus belli against Germany), is not to idealize the past. The European nations may have exchanged formalities with each other, but out in their colonial empires they were not scrupulous. If a British commander found an Indian state trou-

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blesome, he did not declare war on the Indian prince. He marched in and annexed the state, often against the express policy of the government at home. Nevertheless, where the world was really dangerous, in Europe, the need to declare war limited the objectives, and so the killing, for centuries.

It is also true that the world has changed since World War II. Contemporary (post-1945) terrorism is a form of undeclared war. The eruption of post-1945 Muslim fundamentalism, which crosses national boundaries, is just as real. Hitler and Nazism may have been aped in various parts of the world, but Nazism never had the appeal and force of communism as an international ideology. And though that ideology was being exported before 1945 through the Third International, it was not then linked to a state pursuing the age-old czarist policy of expansion. No one is going to deny the Russian willingness to subvert legitimate governments, especially in the Third World, or that it is a threat that the United States must find ways of containing.

But beyond even the solemn constitutional issues raised by the testimony in the Iran-*contra* affair is the question of how much the United States stands to lose by trying to meet the new threats with the methods of the enemy (while gaining, as Lee Hamilton pointed out to North, not one of the objectives for which the arms deals were made). After all, within the "philosophy" of the Constitution is not only the justification of certain inalienable rights of the American people, and the mechanisms to protect them, but also the assumption, which is explicit in the Declaration of Independence, that America was created to be a model to the world.

Behind the justifications of the administration lies the fear of the "Vietnam syndrome": the unwillingness of the American people to engage in a difficult and protracted war for no purpose that can be clearly stated. But if there is such a "syndrome," it is not the fault of the American people, or of their representatives in Congress, whom North so brazenly dishonors. If either Kennedy or Johnson had been willing to go to Congress to ask for a declaration of war in Vietnam, he would almost certainly have gotten it. In that case, the American people would have been civilly at war, for stated and limited objectives, they would have understood why American soldiers were killing and being killed, and their families would not have had to wait for 15 years before a black wall was built to honor them.

IN 1917 the American president was a professor with pursed lips and pince-nez (but with an iron will that was eventually his undoing). Until then, the American people had not believed they would ever re-enter the Old World and participate in one of its wars. Moreover, in the previous 40 years the United States had absorbed millions upon millions of immigrants, so that it was a nation of hyphenated Americans whose allegiance was regarded by some as doubtful. But Wilson knew the necessity, though the casus belli against Germany was very slender. So on a cold April night in the driving rain, the prim president called out the units of the U.S. Army stationed in the District of Columbia, and with them as his guard, drove to Capitol Hill to submit a War Resolution.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt did not rely on his executive authority. He too drove to Capitol Hill to submit a War Resolution, taking a democracy to war through its own representatives and under the prescriptions of the Constitution. That is why the phrase "A date that will live in infamy" rings down the memory of generations. The strength of a democracy is in the openness of its dealings. Though covert operations may be necessary in a dangerous world, covert war is not tolerable to a democratic people. Neither in the end is the filthy habit of waging war by proxy.

The cowards at the Iran-*contra* hearings have been at the witness table. One does not lead a nation to war with slide shows, or by dealing in Middle Eastern and Oriental bazaars and the kind of Tupperware parties that seem to have been North's primary method. The Iran-*contra* dealings have weakened not only the administration, the Republican Party (again), and any true conservative philosophy or policy. They have weakened the United States in every corner of the world, so that it is now barely trusted—especially in the Middle East. The idea that under the present administration the United States is a fit leader of the free world has faded in Europe—and all because of the administration's refusal to work through the representatives of the people.

What is more, it is the despised Congress that has labored in recent years to erect a cooperative system between the executive and legislature that enables the administration to conduct necessary covert operations whose objectives can be sensibly defined. That system worked remarkably well until this administration destroyed the trust on which it must be built. Should not the United States see if it can justify war—before it bombs another Libya, gets entangled in another preposterous arms deal, or supplies arms to yet another group of "freedom fighters"? Bring back war, and Oliver North won't need a home security system.

HENRY FAIRLIE

Free speech and the Middle East.

ARABS ANONYMOUS

AN ADVERTISEMENT for something called "The NAAA Foundation Essay Contest" appeared in college newspapers across the country last spring. Big money was involved. For writing 2,500-word "critical essays," 200 college students could expect to clear $1,000 each; the ten national winners would receive an additional $4,000 apiece. Like many publicity events these days, the event was tied to the bicentennial of the Constitution. The ad featured a reproduction of Howard Chandler Christy's portrait of the signing of the Constitution.

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But it was not a typical constitutional cash-in. Far from promoting its sponsor through the constitutional connection, it never revealed just what the abbreviation NAAA stood for, except to say that "the contest is sponsored by the NAAA Foundation, a charitable organization which carries out educational programs on Middle East subjects." What's more, the topic of the contest seemed somewhat removed from the concerns of the Founding Fathers: "The Development of American Middle East Policy: Is Free Speech Threatened?"

This is an odd juxtaposition of subjects. The explanation is that NAAA stands for the National Association of Arab-Americans, though the organization made NAAA its legal name a few years ago. "The lack of identification in the ad was very purposeful," NAAA president David Sadd says. "As Americans, operating here, we reject the idea that we have to stand up and say, 'We're Arabs.' " But Arab-Americans aren't paying for this contest: the NAAA Foundation (NAAA's non-profit arm) got the money from 12 businessmen in Jedda, Saudi Arabia.

WHAT IS THE connection between Middle East policy and freedom of speech? "Our Constitution was born out of a cacophony of competing voices," the ad intones. "Today the freedom of speech that remains the hallmark of our Constitution may be threatened." As its authority on the waning of free speech, the ad cites former Congressman Paul Findley, a Republican from Illinois with an ax to grind. During his long career in Congress, Findley became the leading spokesman for the Palestinian cause. He blames his defeat in 1982 (no doubt correctly) on the Israel lobby, particularly the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Since leaving Congress, Findley has devoted himself to a crusade to expose the Israel lobby as not merely a powerful force within our democracy but as an actual threat to our free institutions.

NAAA enlisted columnists Carl Rowan and Tom Braden, both well-known critics of American aid to Israel, as "Honorary Chairmen" of the contest. Rowan will get $5,000 to make a speech and hand out the checks at the contest's awards ceremony in Washington in September. Braden serves for free, out of devotion to the cause. He appeared at the NAAA's press conference announcing the contest and helped to select the judges.

According to Braden, contestants can take either side of the issue (the "free speech" issue at least): "Students can argue one side or the other of this essay topic: free speech is threatened, free speech is not threatened." Sadd says that his group just wants students to "think about the implications" of the Israel lobby's power.

But students counting on some of that prize money to help pay next year's tuition bills might be well advised not to take the sponsor's claim of neutrality too seriously. As the contest literature itself recommends, they might read Findley's 1985 book, *They Dare to Speak Out: People and Institutions Confront Israel's Lobby*. The book is mainly a laundry list of incidents in which Jewish groups pressured or sought to defeat or discredit political opponents. Most of the incidents merely illustrate a Washington commonplace: that the Israel lobby is well organized, well connected, and energetic in pursuit of its goals, and that politicians are loath to cross it. In other words, the book describes a group enthusiastically exercising its rights under the First Amendment, not denying those rights to anyone else.

Findley claims that "many people in the United States . . . censor their own speech, not on the basis of truth but rather on how their remarks will be construed by Israel's lobby." It's certainly true that timorous politicians have been known to trim their sails to avoid offending powerful lobbies, including the Israel lobby. But the only strength of a lobby, however powerful, is to work through the democratic system to help elect and defeat politicians.

If NAAA wanted to make the case that there is widespread discrimination against Arabs and the Arab viewpoint in American society—without the pompous insistence that this raises constitutional questions or the ugly insinuation that an all-powerful Jewish lobby is behind it—the group would be on firmer ground. In fact, NAAA had some troubling problems publicizing this very contest. *Newsweek* refused to run the ad without prohibitive changes, and *Time* bizarrely demanded that NAAA delete the subtitle of Findley's book from the ad. The public relations firm that NAAA hired to run the contest tried to distribute a press release through North American Precis Syndicate, a company that distributes releases to small-town and suburban papers; but the project was canceled when word of its subject got back to company president Ron Levy. The ad did reach the intended audience, however, finding its way into 260 college newspapers.

Meanwhile, Sadd sees nothing incongruous about identifying Benjamin Franklin and George Washington with opposition to Jewish influence in American foreign policy. "We're wrapping ourselves in the flag on purpose," he says, adding cryptically: "You know that some of the Founding Fathers were very anti-Semitic."

JEFFREY L. PASLEY

ON THE HILL

THE RIGHT NOT TO KNOW

ON PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION days, like all others, the sun strikes Manhattan three hours before Los Angeles. Some folks regard this as a problem, because election results from the East get reported in the West before the polls have closed there. On Capitol Hill some legislators are responding to this situation by arguing that the public has a right not to know. Western members of Congress, led by Representatives William M. Thomas (Republican of California) and Al Swift (Democrat of Washington), are reviving a proposal that would stop all presi-

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dential election-year balloting at the same time across the country. The idea is to avert a repetition of 1980, when Jimmy Carter conceded to Ronald Reagan more than an hour before Western polls closed.

Proponents of the poll-closing bill claim that Carter's concession discouraged many voters from casting their ballots. They further argue that the lowered turnout may have affected some local races. In Portland, Oregon, House Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman was defeated by fewer than 4,000 votes. Some supporters claimed that disgruntled Democrats turned away from the polls after Carter "went belly up" on national TV. The issue arose again four years later when all three networks used exit polls and early returns from the East Coast to predict Ronald Reagan's re-election by 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, still mid-rush hour in the West.

Under the Thomas-Swift proposal, identical to a House-passed measure that floundered in the 1986 Senate, all polls east of the Pacific Time Zone would close at 9 p.m. EST. The West Coast polls would shut simultaneously. Daylight-saving time would be extended in the West until the Sunday after November elections, thus narrowing the coastal time difference to two hours.

Of course, this would solve nothing if the networks went ahead and broadcast exit-poll surveys starting at lunchtime. So Swift and Thomas (as chairman and ranking member, respectively, of the House subcommittee on elections) wrote the networks a friendly little letter in 1984, asking TV news executives "voluntarily" to shut up. Fearful of new regulation, the major networks now have promised to cooperate by "restraining" their broadcasts of voter surveys from a given state until after the polls are closed in that state.

BERATING THE BEARER of bad tidings is a time-honored tradition, but it now appears that the messenger is to be punished simply for being too swift. Is there really a problem here? It is far from certain that significant numbers of voters truly are discouraged by early projections. Though such an effect might seem intuitive, Professor William C. Adams of George Washington University was skeptical of the Portland stories in 1980. So he "returned to the scene of the alleged crime" to analyze a similarly tight 1984 contest in a neighboring district. Adams's election-night survey of 1,256 voters found little support for the idea that early projections of a Reagan victory kept voters home. Of 639 eligible registered voters who did not go to the polls, only 2.6 percent cited network verdicts as their reason.

Adams also compared the one eastern Oregon county that sits in the Mountain time zone with a neighboring Pacific zone county. "In fact," he says, "the one with more network exposure before closings had fractionally *higher* turnout." Adams found similar disproofs among Kansas and Idaho counties split by time zone. "Again," he says, "there was no falloff in the more western counties." Perhaps some voters just didn't hear the news before they voted. Others may have cared enough about local races to be unfazed by national predictions. Or, as Adams surmises, "The ones most likely to listen and hear early projections may be the ones likely to be voting anyway." What's more, Adams concluded, the sliver of non-voters who blamed TV projections did not appear to skew the election results anyway: "When asked how they would have voted if they had voted, their responses looked like a cross section of those who did vote."

Even the group that once screamed loudest about the effect of broadcast exit polls has started to lower its voice on the question. The Committee for the Study of the American Electorate made a big splash when its analysis of preliminary 1980 turnout showed greater drop-off in Western states than in Eastern states. After closer examination? "Well," says the committee's director, Curtis Gans, "we still show a pattern, but the pattern isn't as striking as it first appeared."

JUST FOR THE sake of argument, let's assume that television reports of election results before the polls close do discourage voting. Would the poll-closing bill and "voluntary" restraint by the networks do more good than harm? Despite extension of daylight-saving time, the bill forces Western polls to shut down simultaneously with those in the East. That's one or two hours *earlier* than most West Coast polls currently close. Is that likely to increase voter turnout? Even electorate analyst Gans opposes the current proposal because of its cutoff of Western votes. "And it's not just a matter of pure hours," he adds. "Most studies show that voters later in the day are blue-collar, poor, and minority voters. So the bill would hurt returns worse, while at the same time creating some inadvertent discrimination."

Western voters—and, even more, Western candidates—may be convinced that voting after the Eastern results have been announced puts them at some kind of unfair disadvantage. But there is little logic to this pervasive feeling. After all, the "disadvantage" consists entirely of knowing something their Eastern counterparts don't know. If the result actually *is* a foregone conclusion by the time they get around to voting, there is no reason this should discourage the loser's supporters from voting any more or less than the winner's. Nor has anyone been "denied" his or her vote by network announcements about early returns. Not knowing the result doesn't make the result any less certain.

A universal poll-closing time would prevent the announcement of official results before some people have voted, but wouldn't prevent the networks from conducting and reporting exit polls throughout the nation and throughout the day. If the networks allow themselves to be badgered into keeping their exit poll results secret, highly accurate polls will still be conducted up to the day before the election. And after all, practically every electoral race has a highly probable result by Election Day. Where will the ignorance-is-bliss theory of democracy stop?

DIRK OLIN

Dirk Olin, a former congressional correspondent and TNR reporter-researcher, is a free-lance writer in Washington.

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The Afghan war as seen from Kabul.

THE GREAT GAME

BY STEVEN R. WEISMAN

Kabul

After nine years of war, this historic capital city has the feel of a besieged citadel occupied by a foreign power. It is surrounded by three heavily armed cordons of tanks and troops—"three rings of steel," officials call them. Rocket and artillery bursts thunder during the night. The airport buzzes with Soviet military planes and helicopters carrying cargo and men to and from distant battlefronts. Afghan soldiers with Kalashnikov automatic rifles run the checkpoints at major intersections, searching for car bombs. Only 15 miles west of the city's outskirts, the former resort of Paghman, with its vacation villas, gardens, and hotels, has been reduced to rubble. Armed vehicles rumble on the rutted roads in the shadow of the snow-draped Paghman mountain range, the southern ridge of the Hindu Kush.

Yet somehow Kabul maintains a semblance of lively normality, especially among the crowds at the bazaars, mosques, and universities. At the sleek new Micro Rayon apartment complexes, home of the Soviet and Afghan elite, Russian civilian "advisers" stroll in the leafy courtyards with Afghan colleagues and their families, watching their children play soccer together. More than anyplace else in Afghanistan, Kabul seems securely in the hands of the government. Western diplomats refer sarcastically to "Kabulistan," a mordant term summing up the view that the writ of the regime has been shrunk by warfare to encompass only its capital city.

For two weeks in April and May, I was among a group of three American journalists based in India invited to attend Afghanistan's national day ceremonies. We went on guided tours to areas near the Iran and Pakistan borders, but in Kabul we were also able to break away on our own. It was not hard to find people who said frankly that they want the Russians to leave their country. Shopkeepers, taxi drivers, villagers, and others seemed willing to trust a stranger with such opinions, up to a point. At a busy downtown shopping bazaar, an Afghan man spotted me snapping some pictures. "Excuse me," he said. "You are an American? In our country there are only graves now. I cannot talk to you because the KGB is all around. The Russians have killed all the people. I must go before they see me. Good night." But there is a pervasive feeling even among those who despise the Russian presence that the United States might well be satisfied with a prolonged war that traps and bleeds the Soviet Union in an inhospitable place. "This is all a big game for you," a shopkeeper told me.

Steven R. Weisman is New Delhi bureau chief for the *New York Times*.

Afghanistan has long been the playing field for what was known in the 19th century as "The Great Game" between the British Crown and the Russian czar. Then, as now, the objective in three bloody Anglo-Afghan wars was to block the Russian bear's reach south to the warm waters of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Today the game has drawn the United States into its greatest covert military operation since the Vietnam War, an enterprise dwarfing the aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* in size, scale, and strategic ramifications. Hundreds of thousands of Afghans have died in the war, and a third of the nation's pre-war population of 15 million is believed to have been driven out. Yet the war shows no signs of abating, and lately bombing and artillery attacks and aerial combat have escalated along the Pakistan border.

Despite the stakes, Americans remain strangely indifferent to the risks and contradictions of U.S. policy in Afghanistan. The Russian invasion of 1979-80 was swift and brutal, and there was no real public debate about the administration's decision to supply arms to the resistance. Afghanistan quickly became a working model of the Reagan Doctrine. Since 1981 the United States and Saudi Arabia have supplied hundreds of millions and perhaps even billions of dollars' worth of weapons to the Afghan guerrillas. The guerrillas reportedly have stockpiled a year's supply of weapons—some say as much as five years' supply—so that they could continue to fight even if their aid were cut off. This denies their benefactors much leverage. Efforts to find a peaceful settlement must take into account the fact that the main guerrilla leaders are zealous fundamentalists who want to fight until the last Russian is driven out and Afghanistan becomes an Islamic republic similar to that of neighboring Iran.

The United States has said it is willing to ensure that Afghanistan poses no security threat to the Soviet Union—the undoubted sine qua non for a Russian troop withdrawal. But several Afghan guerrillas recently renewed their talk of taking their jihad from the mountains of Afghanistan to the Muslim-dominated steppes of the southern Soviet Union. The Soviet news agency Tass announced earlier this year that a small Afghan guerrilla force even invaded Soviet territory before being repulsed; Soviet troops were said to be mopping the area from which they came to make sure it never happens again.

In Washington the guerrillas may be seen as "freedom fighters," and surely their interests in ridding their nation of Russian troops coincides with America's. But the guerrillas and the Communists are both factions in a tangled

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sectarian conflict deriving from the strains of a feudal society attempting to modernize over the last half century. The Soviet Union may have underestimated the Afghan resistance, but the United States is also increasingly getting caught up in forces beyond its control.

ISLAMIC FUNDAMENTALISTS began their guerrilla insurgency as early as 1973, partly with the help of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto of Pakistan. The 1978 coup by the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan caused the insurgents to redouble their efforts, and within a year the regime was in danger of falling. The Soviets intervened, in a move American policy-makers saw as the prelude to a possible grab of Iran and the rest of the Persian Gulf. But many historians suggest that the Russians were partly prompted by fears that the United States might seize the opportunity to help install a right-wing fundamentalist regime in Kabul, from where it could incite disaffected Muslims in the Soviet Central Asian republics.

The coup was what a left-leaning, pro-Soviet politician in Pakistan once told me was a "premature" revolution. In other words, Afghanistan, already in the Soviet orbit, clearly was not yet ready for direct Communist rule, especially the fanatical kind applied by the Party when it took over. Afghan leaders now speak openly of the "mistakes" they made—the denigration of Islam, the seizure of property that infuriated people throughout the feudal hierarchy, the forced literacy programs for women and others, and the thought-control symbolized by the hoisting of a bright red revolutionary banner as the flag of Afghanistan. A few years later, the flag was changed back.

Since 1978 Afghanistan has had four pro-Soviet regimes, including two leaders who were assassinated. The current regime was installed last year with the ouster of Babrak Karmal, apparently because of his failure to broaden the government's base of support. When the Party seized control of Kabul, it had only 18,000 members. Less than a decade later, it has grown ten times as large, but remains confined to an educated elite, and riven with factionalism.

Sectarian conflict and political chaos have been such a pervasive feature of Afghan history that it helps to see contemporary events in terms of another game—not a "great game" of empires, but the Afghan game of *buzkashi*, which more than one scholar has used to offer a glimpse into the nation's character. *Buzkashi* has complicated rules, but it basically involves teams of horsemen fighting over a goat or sheep carcass in a violent, anarchic free-for-all. The game is still played in northwest Pakistan in Peshawar, the hub for three million refugees who have fled east and south since the war began; it was recently revived in Afghanistan, apparently as part of the regime's gesture to national traditions.

A cradle of Central Asian history and civilization, Afghanistan has only been a unified country in modern times. It was established in 1747 by King Ahmed Shah Durrani, whose family held control in one form or another until the 1978 coup—more by accommodating the country's myriad subgroups than by imposing its will by force. The nation remains a collection of rival tribes and feudal leaders cut off from each other by an impassable terrain of spectacular jagged mountains sliced by ravines and deep river beds.

The country's divisions are preventing the Russians from claiming any sort of territorial predominance, except in the major cities, roadways, and military camps. But they also make it virtually impossible for the seven major Afghan guerrilla groups and their allied local commanders to pursue a cooperative military or political strategy. In the past years the guerrilla groups have repeatedly fought one another and traded accusations of stockpiling weapons to use in the civil war that will follow the ouster of the Russians. Indeed, the latest rationale among the Russians for staying in Afghanistan, and among the People's Democratic Party for welcoming them, is to protect the country from turning into a giant game of *buzkashi*. "None of these groups have a history of accepting the government," a Party member told me. "They have been fighting for thousands of years."

THE ENTIRE THEME of the ninth anniversary celebration of the revolution was "national reconciliation," with floats shaped like big white doves and schoolchildren pleading like little automatons for the "opposing groups" (they are no longer called "bandits," "extremists," or even "counterrevolutionaries," at least in public) to "come back to build our society." Officials claimed in May that since January, 21,000 guerrilla insurgents had defected to their side and 44,000 refugees had returned home from Iran and Pakistan. That would still be less than one percent of the estimated total of refugees. There is no way to verify those figures, though some people undoubtedly have been attracted by the government's offers of amnesty for back taxes, return of property, and packages of clothing, shoes, cooking oil, and food for the returning "brothers."

Officials say too that Pakistan and the United States are forcibly preventing Afghans from returning. There is a propaganda campaign in the refugee camps to discredit the "reconciliation" process. But as a Pakistani official pointed out, the border, with 300 entry points, is awfully porous. "There is no way we could keep them inside Pakistan, any more than we could have kept them from coming here in the first place."

Other important government incentives include promises not to draft anyone for at least six months after he comes home. In the army, length-of-service requirements have been cut and salaries increased, although Western diplomats agree that half the Afghan army of perhaps 55,000 men would defect to the insurgents if a round of *buzkashi* set in.

The regime is also seeking popular support by trying to preserve existing institutions. Several officials emphasized that Afghanistan may be pro-Soviet, but it is not pro-communist or even pro-socialist. Syed Amanuddin, the deputy prime minister, described himself with some pride as a former businessman, and said the national economy was 80 percent private enterprise. The hub of private enterprise is Shahzada Market, next to the Kabul River, where bearded traders wearing turbans and baggy trousers

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wander in and out with sacks of cash, an improbable sight given the nearby placards and billboards proclaiming the virtues of the People's Revolution and Afghanistan's friendship with the Soviet Union.

The market works this way: an Afghan trader takes out a $20,000 loan at perhaps 12 percent to pay for a huge shipment of Japanese electronics, American blue jeans, or French cosmetics. The goods arrive by crate across the Trans-Siberian railroad or by truck from the Pakistani port of Karachi, or from Europe, via Turkey, Iran, and the mountain passes of Afghanistan. They are then smuggled to other parts of South Asia and the Persian Gulf, mostly to Pakistan. Supposedly you can become a millionaire by trading in Kabul. The goods also spill onto the shelves of stores at Chicken Street and other popular shopping areas. Kabul is probably the only free trade zone in the Soviet bloc.

Shahzada Market can supply just about any form of cash in the world—pounds sterling, dollars, deutsch marks, Indian and Pakistani rupees, and of course rubles. Businessmen say that $2 million in currency is exchanged there each day, facilitating hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of trade and smuggling a year, no small factor in a $3 billion national economy.

Businessmen aren't about to allow the war to cut into their profits. People say it is not uncommon for a trading family to have one of its members in KHAD, the Afghan secret police, and another one fighting with the guerrillas. Such stratagems enable them to make the right payoffs to transfer their goods across country. The payoffs go to rebel commanders, army officers, Soviet officers, or anyone else who happens to be in charge of the territory through which commerce must flow.

Afghan officials obviously hope that their support of such activity will create a constituency for the status quo. In the face of the worst charge leveled against them—that they are anti-Islamic—they have developed a loyal following among some members of the clergy. At nearly every stop on our tour, mullahs were brought out to praise the efforts of the government to rebuild mosques and provide salaries for the mullahs themselves. Freshly painted and constructed mosques could be seen in most places we visited.

RECENTLY THE GOVERNMENT announced with great fanfare the establishment of an Islamic research center, although Westerners claim that it has only 200 books so far. An evening television news program featured a Koran-reading contest coinciding with the sacred month of Ramadan. Afghan soldiers could be seen patrolling the streets with a rifle in one hand and Muslim prayer beads dangling from the other. Often at meetings with the press, officials made an elaborate point of apologizing for their weakness or dizziness, saying that were fasting all day in keeping with the holiday.

We were taken to meet various people who said they had defected from the guerrilla insurgents, almost all of whom emphasized that they had originally joined up in the mistaken view that Islam was in danger. "We were blind," said one soldier, interviewed at Paghman. "We were told that our religion was in danger. But then we were made to kill our own people, innocent people, for nothing."

Of course, one could not be sure about the depth of anyone's sincerity. Many cynics suggest that the government will find the loyalties of its recent recruits ephemeral. There is an old British axiom, derived from bitter experience, that an Afghan's loyalties can be rented but never bought. At Paghman, an area where there has been a lot of activity by a rebel commander named Abdul Haq, I waited until the Afghan Party officials accompanying us moved away, and drew aside one of the "defecting" soldiers. What do you think of Abdul Haq? I asked. "Oh," he said, glancing around carefully to make sure he wasn't being observed, "Abdul Haq, very good man."

The power of Islam in Afghanistan is undeniable, but it is also a puzzle to an outsider. The best known, best equipped, and perhaps militarily most powerful guerrilla leaders are Islamic fundamentalists, some close to Iran and some close to the Islamic parties of Pakistan and the leadership of Saudi Arabia. They are also generally believed to be the main recipients of covert assistance from the United States and the Saudis. But some Western diplomats believe this fact has distorted their real power, and that Islamic fundamentalism is basically alien to the Afghan masses who used to live in the countryside. (By some accounts, much of the countryside has been emptied because of the fighting.)

IRONICALLY, the forces that led to Afghanistan's Islamic fundamentalism movement grew from the nation's lurch toward modernization, which also produced the elite's flirtation with communism in the 1960s. The incubator for both these developments was Kabul University. It was here that the religious fundamentalists and the Communists now fighting each other nurtured their mutually incompatible dreams for the redemption of Afghanistan.

Thus while guerrilla leaders Gulbaddin Hekmatyar, then an engineering student, and Burhanuddin Rabbani, then a theology teacher, led the Islamic revival movement, Babrak Karmal and his friend Anahita Ratebzad were bent on a crusade to bring the Communist revolution to Afghanistan. Ratebzad is now the senior female member of the Party politburo and is believed to be a leader of forces in the Party that remain loyal to Karmal. Najib, the current Afghan leader, then known as Najibullah, was a medical student at Kabul University. These fledgling Communists organized strikes, protests, speeches, and processions, forcing classes to be canceled. "I remember listening to Babrak Karmal and Anahita at the banks of the Kabul River, giving speeches about the evils of religion," said a longtime resident of the city. "Then when he was in power, I saw him on television going to mosques, and I thought: 'You clown, I respected you more when you were an atheist.' "

Built with American assistance in the 1960s, the campus today is a pastoral place of handsome new buildings and tree-lined pathways. There is little evidence of the university's politically tumultuous past. Fifty-five percent of the 7,000 students are women—the men have either gone to war or fled the country—and they do not

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remember the fundamentalists fondly. They wear slacks, skirts, chic blouses, and elegantly coiffed hair, probably the only place in South Asia where the Western styles for women are so widely accepted. Some recall that followers of Gulbaddin threw acid at women who went around with their faces uncovered. There is concern today that such forces could return, abolishing the literacy programs for women and the effort to bring them equal pay and opportunities at offices and factories. "These people don't want women to have a role in society," said a 19-year-old student, Jamila Takhari. "But that time is past, when women were kept in their homes."

A Western European diplomat told me earnestly that the whole war in Afghanistan is a conflict between 19th-century imperialism (Soviet-style) and the Middle Ages, reflected in the feudalist, fundamentalist attitude of the guerrillas. In an odd way, defenders of the Kabul regime view it the same way, which explains why they sound hurt and puzzled by American attitudes. They tell visitors at length about the government's efforts to raise literacy levels and wage rates while preserving religious freedom and private enterprise. "We haven't disturbed the traditional things in Afghanistan," said a government official. "State-owned farming would not work here. The only thing we are doing that the United States can legitimately object to is to have a policy friendly to the Soviet Union. But isn't it unrealistic for us to have any other policy? After all, you are demanding loyalty from those countries in Central America. What is the difference?"

THE DIFFERENCE, of course, lies in those 115,000 Soviet troops. The United States agreed in the recent rounds of U.N.-sponsored talks at Geneva to "guarantee" a political statement that in effect bars further covert assistance to the rebels once the Russians and the resistance agree to a timetable for a troop withdrawal. Moscow has suggested an 18-month timetable and Pakistan has insisted on seven months. Yet as the two sides move closer, it has become obvious that the real issue is the future composition of the government. And there is no evidence that the Soviet Union is prepared to withdraw except on its own terms, leaving intact a regime "dominated"—as Party leaders say—by the People's Democratic Party.

Gorbachev said recently that as part of a coalition he might welcome the former king, Mohammed Zahir Shah, whose 40-year reign came to an end in 1973 when he was overthrown by his cousin. Afghan officials indicate that coalition partners might include some of the non-fundamentalist, secular-oriented guerrilla leaders. But most officials assert that these partners would have to be subservient to the goals of the 1978 revolution. Their leaders could serve as minister of parks and recreation, perhaps, but not minister of defense or interior affairs. Neither the king nor the rebels seem inclined even to negotiate on that kind of an offer.

The Western diplomats in Kabul reason that without the Soviet army, the regime would fall in a matter of months, if not weeks or days. Such a development would force the Russians to cancel their withdrawal or even to come back in with a vengeance, since the rebels are well equipped to keep fighting. The Russians would almost certainly be forced to act if threatened by the possibility of a hostile government in Kabul.

AS A RESULT, one way or another Pakistan and the United States will have to get involved in negotiations over a future Afghan government. There is talk that Moscow will eventually "ditch" Najib and the People's Democratic Party. But if that happens, Islamabad and Washington might well have to "ditch" their clients as well, especially the fundamentalists, who now have enough arms to rise up on their own. In the meantime, the growing pressure on Pakistan, particularly in its border regions, is raising the cost of a stalemate in the war.

Because of Pakistan's increasingly naked involvement in the Afghan guerrilla insurgency, Afghanistan has felt free to send planes across the border to strike at rebel supply lines. Hundreds of civilians have died, though journalists visiting the bombed-out areas report that the military targets were clear. To protect against the air strikes, the Reagan administration appears determined to arm Pakistan with sophisticated air reconnaissance equipment, possibly including AWACS planes, to ward off the intruders. Many military experts wonder how effective these planes would be, since the Soviet jets come in only for a few minutes at a time. Some Reagan administration officials and members of Congress fear that AWACS would merely escalate the war and heighten American involvement.

Finally, there is the question of how long Pakistan can sustain its role as conduit to the rebels, and supposed bulwark against communism in South Asia. For nearly eight years, Pakistan has courageously accepted the presence of three million refugees, and stood up to the strains of the war. But obviously it is not in Pakistan's long-term interest to have a war involving Soviet troops raging indefinitely next door, or to have millions of refugees flooding its territory. The port city of Karachi has become an ethnic tinderbox because of the drug and weapons traffic run by the Afghan refugees and their friends among the Pathans of Pakistan's northwest frontier province. (See "The Perils of Pakistan" by Mahnaz Ispahani, TNR, March 16.)

A Western diplomat in Islamabad said he could not imagine Pakistan surviving if it had to sponsor that Afghan war through the end of this century. And in Kabul, a Soviet envoy who addressed a group of pro-Soviet diplomats last year reportedly vowed that the Russians would remain in the country for another 15 years if necessary. "By then Pakistan will no longer exist," he said.

Although the rebels now move through most of the countryside at will, they cannot control much territory for long. In Kabul, the Russians are building barricades, buildings, and infrastructure. "They don't seem to be packing their bags," said one envoy. The fighting goes on, the rockets come into Kabul, and the soldiers still check for car bombs. Few people in Afghanistan can see a future that is any different. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

English Anguish

Few things in life are as dependable as the acting of Michael Caine. Of course he pays the price for being dependable: we take him for granted. It's only when he appears in a newly demanding role, as in *The Whistle Blower*, that we get jolted into appreciating him properly. In this one regard, Caine is like Philippe Noiret: the ease with which they both rise to new challenges makes us realize how easily they've been handling old challenges all along.

The Whistle Blower
(Hemdale)

Rita, Sue and Bob Too
(Orion Classics)

The thought of Noiret occurs because, like the French actor in *The Clockmaker*, Caine here has a grown son whose fate is the father's drama. Caine with a 28-year-old son! Those who remember *Alfie* (1966) will feel that they are passing a milestone; but Caine doesn't seem to feel it—he moves into the role as if he had been playing fathers of grown sons all his life. The added dimension of fatherhood for him in this film is not maturity alone: this story makes him find new depths in his acting. His son dies in what seems to be an accident. (I disclose this because there's no other way to deal with Caine's character.) He wants to prove his son was murdered, wants to find the murderers. The moment when he identifies his son's body in the morgue gives us a new Caine.

All through his career he has synthesized keen observation with private resource to create, without any Method fuss, a range of validities. With Caine, mimesis is more important than personality. He has a strong enough personality, but he doesn't ride it the way that a very different kind of actor like Jack Nicholson does. Caine's aim is complete credibility, quietly achieved; only after he has convinced us do we realize he's an attractive man in himself. Credibility is sometimes a despised term in discussions of acting, a minimal term; but Caine makes it cover a multitude of virtues. In his new role he is called on for new tones in his credibility, and there they are, strong, effortless, sure. He almost seems to be saying: "Is that all? Will there be anything else, please? Well, perhaps next time."

The pleasure that Caine provides is heightened by Nigel Havers's performance as the son. (He was the casually athletic lord in *Chariots of Fire*.) Havers is taking as a scarf-and-raincoat bookish young Englishman whose extreme good looks are no burden to him. James Fox (best remembered from *The Servant*), Gordon Jackson (the old poacher in *The Shooting Party*), and John Gielgud (no identification needed) add to the film's firm texture.

The Whistle Blower is a political thriller, in theme something like the recent *Defense of the Realm*. Both films are concerned with and about the secret government of Britain, the intelligence services that privately judge individuals and, apparently, execute them as needed. It confirms a layman's view that a great portion of any nation's population is occupied in spying on the rest of the population—and indeed on one another. The British forces in *The Whistle Blower* seem quite close to equivalent American forces; in fact, a chief motivation of these British officials is to clean up their secret-service act so that America won't grow disgusted with them and shut them out of nuclear intelligence.

Havers is an intelligence employee, a Russian-language expert who translates ultrasecret stuff. He wants to quit; and "they" make sure he quits for good. "They" also take care of other suspected risks. Caine is a businessman who was a fighter pilot in Korea. After his son's death, he concentrates on seeking the truth about it—and, not incidentally, on getting back his affection for his country if he can.

The script, from a novel by John Hale, was written by Julian Bond, who did *The Shooting Party*. The dialogue is pithy and cutting, marred only by a damp speech in which Havers chatters about how much Russian literature means to him. Like almost all thrillers, even this astute script unravels somewhat at the climax. And although the film's aim is for ambiguity, that aim is overachieved: the ending is a bit muzzy.

But on the whole, *The Whistle Blower* has the Le Carré atmosphere of exceptionally bright people doing dirty work with a sense of interim. "We're only doing this until the world is all nice and jolly again." We know that they know it never was and never will be all that jolly. The director, Simon Langton, much experienced in TV, presses the point home with vigor and control.

Still another interesting British film. (A number of them lately.) *Rita, Sue and Bob Too* opens with a drunk staggering out of a pub in a block of council flats, then staggering across the ugly open space between other blocks of flats. A dog follows him; he kicks the dog away. Another dog turns up and starts tumbling with the first dog as the man staggers in his front door.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Jean de Florette. Volume One of Marcel Pagnol's Provençal novel, with Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu. Flavorful old-fashioned stuff. The second film/volume comes along later this year, thank goodness. (Reviewed 7/6/87)

Roxanne. Happy surprises. Steve Martin is spry and moving in an updated, Americanized version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* that works. Wonders *will* never cease. (6/29/87)

The Untouchables. With a muscular script by David Mamet and zesty direction by Brian De Palma, the Al Capone-Eliot Ness agon bursts bloodily over the screen. A 1930s film well restyled for our times. (6/22/87)

Wish You Were Here. A wild English teenage girl makes troubles for others and herself in a seaside town, 1951. Generally comic and generally good, Emily Lloyd especially. (8/3/87)

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So opens, we think, a film about the grim lives of the other England we know about even if Margaret Thatcher doesn't. (A hundred and forty years ago Disraeli wrote *Sybil: or, The Two Nations*—a description of the 1840s and a prophecy of the present.) But as it turns out, this is a sex comedy, about two 16-year-old girls and a married man in his 30s. The girls, one of whom is the daughter of the drunk, live in the flats; the man is better heeled. The pair serve as baby sitters when the man and his wife go out. One night, instead of driving the girls directly home after their sitting, the man takes them up on the moors and makes love to each one in turn, Rita watching while Sue is busy and vice versa. The complications that follow come mainly because the girls like the arrangement and want to continue it.

Andrea Dunbar, the 26-year-old woman who wrote the screenplay, lives in a council flat in Bradford, the Yorkshire city where the film takes place, and she based her script on two plays of hers that were done at the Royal Court in London. I don't know the plays, but perhaps the double source explains the schizoid nature of the result: an environment of grittty economic depression as setting for a *Liaisons Dangereuses* of the proletariat. Both scripts are good, even though the dialect and the accent are sometimes remote; but they never quite join. There's no indication that the living conditions produce the sexual blitheness, nor is there any other connection. I'm not suggesting that it's out of order for poor people to be sexually free or that what's shown here is not true to Bradford life (how would I know?)—only that in Dunbar's script the seams show.

But Alan Clarke, well known in British TV, has directed with great verve: his camera zings along, hand-held or on a dolly, to make motion part of the narrative. He has dry humor, too: recurrent shots of neighbors watching the principals' antics form a comic commentary; we hear the mooing of a cow during the first sex episode up on the moors. Siobhan Finneran (Rita), Michelle Holmes (Sue), and George Costigan (Bob) display farcical energy and amusing sangfroid.

One odd point. This script might, if written by a man, have been taken as risible male fantasy: two teenagers mad for sex with a man capable of satisfying both. Perhaps Dunbar is telling us that in Bradford male fantasies dominate and that the best luck for both male and female is to live one out. □

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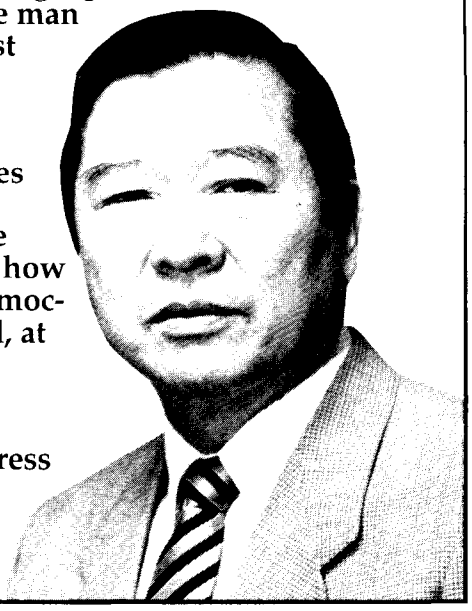

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EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

The Playing of Paradox

Every day, for two years, the young Glenn Gould used to practice by accompanying a recording of Artur Schnabel's performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto (with Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony). The 11 year old "faithfully traced every inflective nuance of the Schnabelian rhetoric," playing along with the eight 78-rpm sides of this now unavailable release. He learned not only the pianist's strengths, but his idiosyncrasies—along with those of the gramophone itself, which marked every four minutes and 25 seconds of the score with a record change, smartly planned by the producer to coincide with various musical landmarks. And when it came time, at the beginning of his teen years, to play the concerto in Toronto, Gould seized the occasion to pay homage to the recording, giving a replica of his idol's performance. The *Toronto Globe and Mail*, not even realizing the insight of its allusion, knocked the notion of a child playing the great concerto, asking, "Who does the kid think he is, Schnabel?"

I have a weakness for the Gouldian ironies of this tale, not least because the two pianists involved are ones whose recordings I would hardly wish to do without. In fact, they are perhaps the only two artists whom I could imagine listening to daily for two years without undermining my musical perceptions, pianists whose major influence today is also through their recorded legacy: Gould, because recordings are all he supplied during the last 20 years of his life; Schnabel, because his recording of the complete Beethoven piano sonatas, made in the 1930s—the first recorded cycle—is still the most profound, reflective, and suggestive vision of these works we have.

I'm not sure if Schnabel would have repaid Gould's attention—what use, after all, would he have had for Gould's mannerisms and eccentricities, which seem to make the score his last priority? Schnabel studied with Theodore Leschetizky, one of the great virtuoso teachers of the 19th century, whose pupils included Paderewski, Friedman, and Brailowsky. Moreover, he devoted himself to the classic center of the tradition—to the music of Beethoven and Schubert and Brahms and Mozart, bringing that tradition with him to the United States as did other émigrés from Europe in the 1930s. Gould, though, discarded the heritage of the Romantic pianist, and was bored by much of the classical repertory as well. Even their styles of play could seem directly opposed: Gould contrapuntal, unconcerned about timbre or tempo, intoxicating at best, exasperating at worst; Schnabel elegant, thoughtful, faithful, dedicated, carefully producing a beautiful singing tone that still comes through on these half-century-old tapes. But Gould, I think, should really be understood as an heir to Schnabel, his eccentricities appended to a musical understanding and commitment that recall Schnabel's own orthodoxy.

It is impossible, in fact, to understand the best of contemporary piano performance without taking Schnabel into account, for he introduced into the tradition, through his performances and through his pupils—such as Lili Kraus, Clifford Curzon, Claude Frank, and Leon Fleisher—an approach to the instrument and its music that represents the best of what our musical culture has produced. This has nothing to do with orthodoxy, or with absolute devotion to the letter of a score or to the production of a certain kind of piano sound. It does have something to do with what used to be considered the "calling" of being a musician.

The nature of that calling can be heard in a series of "new" releases of Schnabel performances, which make available for the first time in many years his Schubert and his Beethoven Piano Concerto recordings from the 1930s—"Schubert and Schnabel: Vols. 1 and 2" (Arabesque, LP and CD) and "Beethoven's Piano Concertos" (Arabesque, LP and CD). The liner notes are woefully scanty about the heritage of these EMI recordings, many of which have been transferred from the original 78s. But sonics are not the issue; in fact, the piano is far more coherent an instrument on these recordings than on many recently recorded releases.

They are, in fact, essential additions to the contemporary catalog. I know of no other performance of Schubert's Sonata in B-flat (recorded in 1939), for example, that succeeds in making perfect sense out of that sweet, almost self-effacing opening theme and the dark, ethereal qualities of the bass trill that follows it (an opposition Schubert may have learned from the ominous theme of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata). Schnabel treats the two elements as companions rather than opponents; the theme vibrates as the trill becomes melodic. Both seem to suspend time, with every tension exquisitely balanced. As the work proceeds, the tremolos and tremors of the music become thematic developments of the trill itself. One is tempted not to breathe during the exposition, so carefully is each measure placed. It is obviously a performance that has arisen out of intimate knowledge and planning; yet it has a spontaneity and grace that make it seem completely unfettered.

Schubert's piano music thrives on this sort of intelligence: it has a certain naïveté about it. It is not like Beethoven's sonatas, where one knows the composer brooded over this material before he presented it to us, dissecting and reflecting upon it with absolute concentration. Schubert's music seems as if it is an actual unreflective record of the musical exploration itself. The music unfolds as if a traveler had happened upon a surprising scene at the turn of a corner, or felt a distressing reminiscence at the breath of a scent. But making that sort of immediacy and easy surprise convincing requires complete attentiveness and understanding. How else would the journey itself begin to make sense, its quirky turns and strange angular textures managing to fit into a single lyrical landscape? How else to prevent the music from degenerating into mere episode and sentiment?

Schnabel, who practically placed the Schubert sonatas into the repertory, creates a Schubert that is perfectly coherent yet thoroughly immediate. The music is never self-conscious or pedagogical or labored. This makes some of Schubert's weaknesses apparent, but it also reveals his strengths. One of these records includes seven songs, with the pianist accompanying his wife, Therese Behr, who was by then past her vocal prime; but their performances retain a grace and simplicity of gesture that come only from long experience, that seem more moving for being so thoroughly understood.

Schnabel was undoubtedly helped by the fact that these are actual performances, not calculated takes spliced to make something "note-perfect." He was one of the last performers to have a sense of his own playing that came only

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from sitting in front of the keyboard, not in front of loudspeakers. This quality, paradoxically, makes him a perfect recording artist: he did not play like one. The self-consciousness is limited to the planning of the music and the instant of play, after which there are no second thoughts.

Schnabel is often criticized for his "mistakes," but it is only when a performance is totally guided by recorded retrospection that mistakes become important and "note-perfect" virtuosity becomes a cult. Schnabel taught, instead, "safety last." Accuracy was a negative virtue, he used to say, like "not stealing silver spoons." It was the music that required more attention: gestures and connections, structures and shape.

Schnabel's relationship with the instrument and its music is not that of a public performer, but of a private player—which is probably why his concert career did not take off here in the 1920s and had to wait until his intellectual reputation was secure. There are only two people involved in these performances: Schnabel playing, and the listener listening. According to one of his students, Konrad Wolff, who chronicled his mentor's ideas in a small but valuable survey, *Schnabel's Interpretation of Piano Music*—when his students played for him and he said "Bravo" it was time for them to worry: it meant that they had played with technical virtuosity but not much insight. They had courted the public rather than the music. "Capital punishment," writes Wolff.

This makes Schnabel's performances of the Beethoven concertos intriguing indeed. The music almost deliberately invokes larger public forces, but it becomes under Schnabel's fingers intimate dialogue, tautly pronounced. The piano does not tame the orchestra in the second movement of the Fourth Piano Concerto; it convinces it. The "Emperor" does not demand; it argues. Sir Malcolm Sargent, conducting the British orchestras, is colleague rather than foil. There is something exhilarating in this restraint. It recalls (or I should say is recalled by) the basic clarity and understanding underlying the more virtuosically demonstrative performances of Schnabel's pupil Leon Fleisher.

"You are not a pianist," Schnabel's own teacher, Leschetizky, proclaimed to him, with who knows how much irony. "You are a musician." The instrument itself becomes a means to an end; the goal, to bring to life music that is, as Schnabel put it, "better than it could be performed." Schnabel taught that in pursuit of this goal, every detail needed to be attended to. Wolff's book makes it clear that Schnabel's vision meant never taking any aspect of the score at face value. Just because a bar line appears doesn't mean an accent should. Just because a cadence is reached doesn't mean it should be proclaimed. Just because a dynamic marking appears doesn't mean it should be taken literally. Each element of the score is important, but only for its structural meaning, its place in a larger context, not as an element requiring literal translation. A forte could imply a type of touch, a harmony a change in tempo.

So Schnabel's performing edition of the Beethoven piano sonatas takes extraordinary liberties with phrasing and fingerings and dynamics—as he knew. But it is a record of active interpretation. Each page of a sonata is marked with numerals that give the lengths of phrases, so that the player can sense the overall line of the piece, the way a six-bar phrase is answered by a two-bar exclamation, or the way a sequence is repeated and altered. Everything is meticulously outlined. The key word in Schnabel's teaching was articulation.

Once the detail was in place, once every marking was interpreted and the structure dissected, Schnabel also taught that the performance must be anticipated as a single unit, presented as one slow exhalation. The unity comes from the multiplicity of detail, the spontaneity from absolute discipline and understanding, the continuity from precise articulation and division. It is a playing of paradox.

Another paradox is how this absolute dedication to music, its logic and its balanced tensions—to the classical style in performance as well as in repertory—was also a gift for the modern period. Many of Schnabel's pupils inherited his gift for structural insight and clarity of line. They have changed our understanding of the classical tradition (listen to Lili Kraus's Mozart or Claude Frank's Beethoven, or to the Audiophon recordings of Leonard Shure). Today, his approach is often suggested in the very different playing of Alfred Brendel or Murray Perahia, though both these artists are less convinced about his "objective" vision, which results occasionally and deliberately in introspection or man-

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nerism. I think Gould, with all his mannerisms, is heir as well. Schnabel may have recorded in one seamless take, Gould out of many spliced takes; but the paradoxical result was a similar intimacy and immediacy, ease and energy arising out of painstaking detail, unpredictability out of considered premeditation. The music for Gould was also more important than the instrument, its line more important than its literal detail. Gould was, admittedly, an iconoclast; he enjoyed shock and elevated himself above much of the music he played. But there was an iconoclastic element in Schnabel as well, an urge to find through devotion to the text methods for transcending its written limitations, for overturning the mistaken presuppositions of a long tradition.

Perhaps the greatest paradox is that out of this tremendously disciplined and energetic devotion comes an ecstatic grace, a calm of comprehension. Gould often thought about a "peace the earth cannot give"; that peace can seem, at moments, the result of his most fantastical musical activity. Schnabel, more restrained at all times, found it in the very substance of his life. He said that the meaning of practice was "passing the day at the piano with patience and serenity." The patience meant a respect for the limitations of his own abilities in the face of music greater than it could be played. The serenity arose out of a certain faith about one's calling—a faith not often felt today—that the quest was its own reward.

Sixties radicalism: How it went up, why it came down.

DON'T FOLLOW LEADERS

BY PAUL BERMAN

JAMES MILLER'S book about Students for a Democratic Society is peculiarly constructed. Miller's theme is the SDS theory of "participatory democracy," and his method is to sketch mini-biographies of such early national SDS leaders as Al Haber, Richard Flacks, Steve Max, Bob Ross, Sharon Jeffrey, Paul Booth, and, especially, Tom Hayden, who dominates the book. What Miller says about these people and their ideas is original and astute, and it has an insider's touch. It was brilliant of Miller to single out participatory democracy. Anyone interested in American political thought will want to study his analysis.

"Democracy Is in the Streets": From Port Huron to the Siege of Chicago
by James Miller
(Simon and Schuster, 431 pp., $19.95)

Still, if Miller was your only source on SDS, you would certainly have an exaggerated idea of the significance of Hayden's leadership, and of leaders in general; and you would know more about the movement when it was tiny than when it was mass. Read Miller, rather, in conjunction with Kirkpatrick Sales's *SDS*, which lays out the institutional history, and a book like *We Are Your Sons*, by Michael and Robert Meeropol, which evokes life in the grass roots when the New Left was in full bloom. These books together will give you SDS in the round.

Miller's analysis made me think in a new way about one element of 1960s radicalism, though it is one his book hardly mentions: the historical coincidence of movements of dissent or revolt. Ever since the mid-19th century, left-wing movements have arisen in several places at once, displayed strikingly similar traits, followed parallel cycles of development, and disappeared, quite as if parallel causes, traditions, and processes were at work. The movements of 1848 occurred not only in the most advanced countries in Europe, but in the most backward, too, and even in the United States. The workers councils of 1917-22 appeared in czarist Russia, in defeated Germany, in semifeudal Italy, in wild west Seattle (to exaggerate a little), and in Catholic Spain. Trade union upsurges took place circa 1936 in France (the Popular Front), Spain (the anarchist revolution), and the United States (the CIO). Thus, the student movement that culminated in 1968 (in Mexico, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, the Philippines) or 1969 (Italy) or 1970 (the United States, Nicaragua)—not to mention the convulsion in China, which lasted from 1966 to 1976—was only another link in the chain of revolutionary coincidence.

International uprisings defy our accustomed ways of analyzing history. For how can economic determinants, national characteristics, charismatic leaders, the influence of great theories, the spread of ideologies, or any of the ordinary sensible explanations explain why the youth of Shanghai, Mexico City, Berkeley, and Paris would rise up at roughly the same time, or why young people in certain capitalist countries would demonstrate for communism, and in certain communist countries against communism, yet apparently in the same spirit? Evidently the world orbits around a sun we've never seen. And since we're stuck in this mystery, the best we can do in regard to global movements of revolt is to keep an eye out for points of commonality in different parts of the world, to try to establish what is global about the global uprisings, and to leave merely local or national traits for secondary examination.

What was global about student movements of the 1960s was, first of all, a kind of radical existentialism—a determination to take action not in order to win power (though that would be nice), nor in response to a call of history, but in order to save one's soul, to define one's personal identity. In Latin America, for instance, Che Guevara exuded an almost Christian sense of moral purpose in suffering, an almost religious taste for martyrdom. Latin American students of the 1960s generation who joined Guevarist movements did so "to be like Che"—in the words of a Sandinista martyr, Leonel Rugama—which was not the same as being like Lenin or Bolívar or some other

Paul Berman writes for the *Village Voice* and is a fellow at the New York Institute for the Humanities.

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model of revolutionary action. The "Maos" of Paris proposed a theory of spontaneity and violence behind which lay a similar existential notion, the idea of defining moral character through action and risk.

In the United States, youth groups that came out of the 1950s Old Left—Michael Harrington's Young People's Socialist League and other organizations—didn't have this inspiration. They were ordinary political factions, and they managed not to prosper. But the SDS group that came together around Haber and Hayden at the University of Michigan around 1960 was different. Hayden himself had no roots in the old Socialist or Communist parties. He was a wayward alumnus of the Shrine of the Little Flower school in Father Coughlin's parish in Royal Oak, Michigan. He read Kerouac and Camus as well as C. Wright Mills. He quoted Silone. And the rhetoric that he and his circle generated was one of moral action, of proving yourself by undertaking "risky, shoot-for-the-moon affairs," in Hayden's phrase, "based not on personal security desires but on a willingness to deal with the uncertain." And it was the youth group founded on those ideas that struck a chord on the Northern and Western campuses, and even in the South.

Hayden wrote the main draft of the Port Huron Statement, SDS's manifesto of 1962, which remained a central, sometimes mythic, document for the New Left, even for people who never read it. According to Richard Flacks, Norman Thomas said of the statement: "I've seen a lot of manifestos in my day, and this one's no worse, nor no better." Thomas was wrong. The statement was windy, earnest, long; it goes on for 48 closely printed pages at the end of Miller's book—longer than *The Communist Manifesto*, and with less justification. But it caught the spirit of the young generation. Along the way it denounced economic inequality, racism, meaningless work, unemployment. It said that "American military response has been more effective at deterring the growth of democracy than communism." (It even praised THE NEW REPUBLIC for opposing President Kennedy on nuclear tests.) It spoke of a national "malaise," of the "loneliness, estrangement, isolation" that Americans feel, the incomprehension that allowed people in a Gallup Poll to cite "international relations" as 14th on a list of problems, yet to predict a nuclear war in the imminent future. With minor alterations the statement would make a splendid manifesto today, if some radical student group wanted to adopt it. It called for a political synthesis of liberalism and socialism. There was nothing wild or embarrassing. It wasn't afraid to sound reformist.

Most important, the Port Huron Statement used the phrase "participatory democracy," borrowed from a University of Michigan philosophy professor named Arnold Kaufman, to describe what the student movement and the country could become. This was a very good phrase indeed, the best catchphrase that the American left has produced since "the cooperative commonwealth" a century ago. The phrase suggested a Millsian social criticism, a call for grassroots democracy against impersonal bureaucracy. It evoked democracy's libertarian possibilities in ways that were mysteriously parallel to what the radical young of Western Europe were calling

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Antony J. Blinken

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for, which was a decentralized, self-governing socialism. You might say that participatory democracy was anarcho-syndicalism for the readers of John Dewey. It was a phrase distinctly of the 1960s, carrying no hint of the 1930s dream of a giant state. It was suitably subversive in implication, yet calm; shake it, and no exclamation point drops out. It suggested a rational movement, therefore a break with the Marxist demagogy of earlier student movements. And with all these virtues, participatory democracy also articulated the drama of moral activism. For who was going to be the participant in this democratic ideal? It was going to be you, the member of SDS, the runner of risks.

PARTICIPATORY democracy went through different phases. It began as a strictly philosophical concept, an ethical and political goal. It was not a flowchart. Hayden and his comrades didn't intend to get rid of representative democracy, or to abolish the idea of leadership, or to do away with any of the other normal requisites of a functioning organization. But soon enough they took their idea to mean those very things. A kind of Quaker cult of consensus crept in, and participatory democracy became a call for a movement without formal structures or leaders—a call, in short, for eight-hour mass meetings.

Miller quotes a 1965 report from SDS's Newark project for organizing the poor: "Although many of us regard voting as undemocratic, there is a real question about whether we can afford to take eight hours to attain consensus on every issue." The SDS Cleveland project held a 24-hour meeting to decide whether to take a day off and go to the beach. Suspicion of leaders became so intense that after a while Hayden and other genuine leaders took to sitting among the rank and file instead of at the head of the room—which had the effect of making leaders unaccountable. Participatory democracy became a formula for demagoguery and chaos. It abolished the possibility of institutional memory. The genuine politicos in SDS, the people who knew how to organize and to get things done, were always trying to temper this particular madness, but their efforts got nowhere.

It should be observed, though, that for all the disasters they brought upon the movement, marathon meetings and a structureless organization had certain strengths too. Miller and several of the first-generation SDS veterans he interviewed don't remember it that way, but I recall that anarchy in SDS was precisely how the movement delivered on its promise, which was to give the individual some authority over his own identity. The marathon mass meeting was typically held in an illegally occupied university building at three in the morning for the purpose of trying to decide how to react when the police arrived. By sitting through one of those assemblies, you exercised control over your personal fate.

Eventually the meeting was over, and as you gazed at the receding walls of your university through the back window of a paddy wagon, you felt that you hadn't surrendered yourself to someone else; you had made your own decision; and off you went to jail, which was a proper place to be when the United States was exterminating the peasantry of Southeast Asia. In this way SDS addressed not only immediate issues, but also what has long been the greatest cultural problem in the United States, perhaps the greatest problem of bourgeois life everywhere in the democratic world—the feeling of meaninglessness that descends on the middle class, the feeling that individuals lack identity and that we're drowning for lack of culture or self-understanding, the feeling that possessions and personal advancement are everything and morality is nothing. By joining SDS and doing something bold, or even not so bold, you solved this problem. You became "authentic." And this was not completely an illusion.

PARTICIPATORY democracy had a strange record of successes and failures. In 1964 the Berkeley Free Speech Movement (which was not an SDS enterprise) showed that campus radicalism had unexpected possibilities—and at precisely that moment, SDS's leaders, in a search for authenticity, chose to withdraw from the campuses to organize poor people in the ghettos of nine cities. But ghetto organizing was only a scattershot success—in neighborhoods of Newark and Cleveland, for example. In April 1965 SDS called the first national demonstration against the war in Vietnam. Norman Thomas spoke. The demonstration set the style for the anti-war movement to come. And precisely at that moment SDS decided to withdraw from the national anti-war movement, on the ground that community organizing came first. Three years later SDS shut down Columbia University over anti-war and anti-racist issues—and then not only withdrew from campus, but folded. There was something neurotic in this pattern.

Yet such was SDS's relation to the age that successes sprung even from the failures and retreats. The entire organization was a walking challenge to other students to do something, to offer more than merely abstract support. That was the secret of SDS's power. The challenge helped spark activism among Northern students for the Southern civil rights movement, then for the Northern one. It proved crucial in generating the anti-war atmosphere that eventually came to dominate the universities. Participatory democracy, whatever its infelicities, spoke to the heart of the American problem in Vietnam. For the United States had gotten into a war through the decisions of elites, not through any democratic debate and consensus. And the way to counter an elite was to establish an anti-elite, a grass-roots ultrademocracy of direct action. In this SDS succeeded. Everywhere it existed, individuals were prompted to take matters into their own hands, not to content themselves with asking other people to act on their behalf. The war represented a mass disfranchisement, and SDS became an alternative.

OF COURSE the greatest successes of SDS weren't political at all, except in the extended meaning of politics that the radical movement managed to establish. Participatory democracy ultimately implied a celebration of the individual. Those eight-hour meetings meant that anyone's two cents were worth anyone else's, which is why you had to sit still while every last blooming idiot had his say; and ultimately the recognition emerged that without still further changes in behavior and attitude, even a marathon meeting was not sufficient to guarantee a fully democratic equality. Feminism was one natural response—even if that meant rebelling against the organization, breaking away to form a caucus or a splinter group of your own. A women's protest occurred in SDS as early as 1965.

For it was a new kind of personality that SDS was proposing, a radically democratic personality; and against the standards of such a personality SDS itself was found wanting. You could even say of SDS that its greatest triumph was to inspire its own members to denounce

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and abandon it in the name of its own values. And in this way too, SDS followed the pattern of Western Europe, where the revolt of 1968 managed to leave the Atlantic Alliance and capitalism more or less intact but succeeded in shaking up the conventions of personal life, diluting the authority of the patriarch in the nuclear family, loosening the sexual codes, relaxing formality, posing an ideal of personal fulfillment. Participatory democracy ultimately meant—well, I would say a "cultural revolution," except that in China in those years those words signified something quite different, and something meaner.

SDS FOLLOWED the world pattern of the '60s not only in its swift rise, but also in its degeneration into violence and irrationality, and in its final embrace of totalitarian doctrines. In certain other countries, the student movement grew out of the Communist Party, sometimes under official sanction, other times as a breakaway. For those movements, therefore, the turns toward authoritarianism were logical conclusions of intellectual and political tendencies obviously inherent at the beginning. That wasn't possible in the United States. The most tenacious of the radical currents in America (though not necessarily the most popular) has always been social democracy.

Socialist Party intellectuals such as Upton Sinclair organized the Intercollegiate Socialist Society in 1905, and the legacy of student socialism that descends from that organization has never been lost. Sidney Hook's recent memoir mentions the ISS at City College during his student days. The ISS evolved into the adult League for Industrial Democracy (LID), then established its own Student League for Industrial Democracy, under whose acronym, SLID, Albert Shanker militated in the 1950s. From SLID derived SDS, courtesy of SLID president André Schiffrin's proposal for a name change. Which is to say that SDS, when it proclaimed a New Left in the early 1960s, stood not only outside the communist tradition, but against it, in good social democratic fashion. The Port Huron Statement contained an anti-communist plank. "As democrats," it said, "we are in basic opposition to the communist system." (The word "totalitarian," which might have caused some readers to wince when used above, may be found in the Port Huron Statement.)

Unlike student radical groups in other countries, then, the degeneration of SDS

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■ Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is in war-like conflict with every one of its five neighbors. Syria claims large areas of Turkey. Over the years, Syria has launched many armed incursions against Jordan and it is only the threat of being confronted by Israeli military force that has prevented Syria from attempting a full-fledged takeover of that country. There is mortal enmity with Iraq and its leaders, which has caused Syria to make common cause with non-Arab Iran in the destructive Gulf War. Syrians consider Lebanon to be part of their own country and have now virtually occupied and annexed it. But their main fury is directed against Israel, because it represents an intolerable "non-Arab presence" in the area, because it has wrested the Golan Heights from Syria, but mostly because it is (rightly) perceived as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both of which Syria totally rejects.

■ Elimination of U.S. influence in the Middle East is where Syrian and Soviet wishes intersect. The interests of the Soviet Union are global and those of Syria regional, but their aims coincide. The Soviet Union is, of course, desirous to see the U.S. retreat from the Middle East, enabling the Soviet Union to extend its dominion over the entire region, which is close to their own strategic "soft underbelly". It would also give them control over the oil reserves of the Persian Gulf, the lifeblood of the Western world. Syria enthusiastically cooperates in the effort to dislodge the U.S., because the U.S. and its ally Israel stand in the way of the dream of "Greater Syria".

■ Syria's immediate military aim is to build to "strategic parity" with Israel. This would enable Syria to wage war with Israel, if necessary without the assistance of any of the other Arab States. To that end, it has so far acquired over $19 billion worth of the most advanced and sophisticated Soviet armament. This includes the most advanced Soviet fighters, the most advanced missiles, and major capability in chemical weapons, the most formidable and sophisticated air defense system, a tank force greater than that of France and England combined, and a promise by the Soviet Union of atomic weapons for "when the need arises". "We Syrians are not afraid to push the button", says Defense Minister Mustafa Talas.

■ Terror is the most pervasive aspect of the Syrian regime. Syria perceives of terror as a legitimate tool for furthering its national objectives. That terror is conducted by Syrian organizations sponsored by or affiliated with the government, or indirectly through "clients", primarily the Palestinians, Iranian and Libyan terror factions to whom Syria extends warm hospitality and support. Syria uses terror against Israeli and Western targets, or against Arab elements that do not conform to the Syrian policy line. But they reserve their most brutal terror against those suspected of internal opposition. In 1982, President Assad put down a rebellion in the town of Hama. Over 25,000 people were ruthlessly killed. *The New York Times* said President Assad ". . . turned half the town into a parking lot".

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involved a repudiation of its own founding principles. How SDS managed to do this, how it performed a complete flip-flop, and in just a few years—that is a complicated story. Miller shies away from telling the nasty part, which is the end, but he gives the beginning in exemplary detail.

THERE WAS A dreadful battle between SDS and its sponsors in LID in 1962. The young people had already conceived the idea of a middle-class student rebellion, but the old people were proletarian in fact or in theory, and they clung to labor as the engine of social progress. The young people had a rebellious spirit; the old people, a rather bureaucratic spirit. The youth already embodied some of what would come out of SDS in later years—the uprising against institutions of every sort, the impatience with hierarchy and organization, the desire to shake things up for the sake of shaking things up, the superdemocratic sense that would ultimately produce new ideas about how far democracy should extend. The old-time social democrats couldn't go for that. They couldn't even understand it. Several of the aging social democrats (and some of their younger allies too) were on the verge of abandoning radicalism altogether. The SDSers felt galvanized by the anti-colonial revolution around the world; the elders did not. And among these mostly generational differences was a controversy over communism.

A good deal has been written about those wranglings, and all of it that I've seen generally tallies with Miller's detailed account, according to which principal blame for the schism belongs to the elders, and especially to Michael Harrington. At age 34 (but with 300 years of socialist experience behind him), Harrington in 1962 was the chief representative of the past. He didn't handle himself too well in his dealing with SDS. There was an early draft of the Port Huron Statement that infuriated him because of its weakness on communism, among other things. Harrington complained; the draft was amended; the anti-communism was strengthened. He carried the day.

But Harrington had left the conference by the time of his triumph, and didn't know he'd won. He might have been misled by the person he spoke to about it, or he might have been manipulated by a Shachtmanite plot to scuttle SDS. In any event, back he went to New York railing against the young SDSers to the anxious officers of LID. That produced further bickering, some provocative backsliding into anti-anti-communism by Hayden (who enjoyed needling his elders), and the sort of bad feeling that is expressed by changing the locks. Hayden and Haber were called on the carpet in front of the assembled ideologues of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and other pooh-bahs of New York social democracy and were roundly denounced for "united frontism," meaning consorting with communists, a terrible crime. The formal break came three years later.

TODAY HARRINGTON and at least some of the people who sided with Hayden deplore the fight. Harrington is right to express regrets, and Miller is right to blame the elders. Still, I can see rather more clearly than Miller does why the elders might have reacted so sharply. For the elders knew something—I don't know how they put this knowledge, but they knew it—about the character of the American left. They knew that social democracy is the stablest current on the left, but they also knew that social democracy has a fatal weakness. Social democrats, with their alliance of intellectuals and labor, and with their scholarly heritage, can make persuasive social criticisms and propose reforms and move liberals to the left; but in times of social crisis the social democrats are peculiarly hampered. They can raise their voices, but only so far. They can condemn the basic principles of American capitalism, but not the basic principles of the political system.

Communists have a different problem. (I use "communist" loosely, to denote leftists who regard dictatorship as a suitable expression of socialist ideals.) In times of political calm, when rationality prevails, communists can't get anywhere at all. In times of crisis and anger, they discover an advantage. Communists can speak the language of the social democrats, but louder. They can thunder. They can say the wildest things. And if the naive liberals who have been converted to socialism don't already have a keen understanding of the differences between social democracy and communism; if the liberals don't comprehend that democratic socialism and communism are opposites, not twins; if they don't see that social democratic words take on completely different meanings in the mouth of a communist; if, in short, the naive liberals haven't learned to tell a democrat from a dictator, which is something many Americans on the right and the left cannot do, then the poor stupid liberals will think that communists are merely social democrats with courage, and all will be lost.

In a sharp enough social crisis, with a sufficient degree of anger, the naive liberals will make the leap. They will become cartoon communists. They will out-Stalin the Stalinists. They will go on a binge until everything the social democrats have built up over the years lies in shambles and the American left has to start over from scratch. The entire history of social democratic youth movements has been marked by this phenomenon. It happened in the 1920s, when the young radical garment workers of New York went Bolshevik—only to see their unions all but destroyed. It recurred in the '30s, when many of Norman Thomas's young followers rallied to the Comintern—only to drop out a few years later when they woke up. It happened to SLID in the '30s, when it merged with the communist youth to form something called the Student Peace Union, thus harnessing a democratic youth movement to the needs of Soviet foreign policy.

For four decades before the emergence of SDS, then, communism managed repeatedly to ruin promising socialist youth movements. It is communism's historic function to do that. Communism is the stick that regularly beats the American left to the ground. And knowing this, the social democratic elders saw with perfect clarity that unless the new generation went into their radicalism with lucid ideas about communism, sooner or later all would again be lost.

THE YOUNG radicals *said* they were clear about communism (with a little prodding from Harrington). But even before Port Huron the elders detected reasons to worry. There was, first of all, the SDS fashion for staying away from Old Left disputes, for avoiding what Hayden called "the morbid traditions of the left centered in New York City." This amounted to a kind of know-nothingism. Then there was the fact that some of the recruits to SDS had themselves come out of Communist Party homes. The elders raised this as a concern during one of the tense meetings with the young. The SDSers regarded that concern as a sign of sheer lunacy.

Miller agrees, and with some reason.

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The elders proved vindictive against young people who had chosen their parents unwisely. The elders refused to pay the salary of SDS's elected field secretary, Steve Max, because his father used to be a hack for the *Daily Worker* (and had quit). Cruel, that was, and stupid. Young Max was one of SDS's most levelheaded leaders.

Nonetheless I would add that their suspiciousness had a foundation, if not in this instance. "Red diaper babies"—the phrase refers to offspring of leftists who were wrong on Russia, not leftists who were right—played a very large, but also somewhat ambiguous, role in the movements of the '60s. They brought energy, skills, passion. They were courageous. Having known political persecution as children, they were sensitive to certain American realities. They possessed as a personal trait the one great achievement of their parents' Party, a militant hostility to race prejudice.

But they were also a worry. For communists who convert to democracy sometimes resemble pagans who, upon being baptized Christians, smuggle into the new religion their old idols and persist in conducting the occasional human sacrifice. It was like that in SDS. The social democratic youth group was awash with semi-decommunized students who had made a courageous break with their Stalinist pasts and were definitely onto something new and better in joining SDS, but who also smuggled into the new organization values and assumptions they had learned from their pre-democratic parents.

The leading intellectual among the early SDSers, according to Miller, was Richard Flacks, who went off with Hayden to the Port Huron dining hall to write the satisfactory passage about communism and democracy. Miller is awestruck by Flacks's analytic powers. But I notice that Flacks was a former Communist Party youth activist whose instinct, even after he broke with the Party, was to call Hayden "the next Lenin," and who hoped to write up the Port Huron convention for independent pro-communist journals such as the *National Guardian* and *Monthly Review*. (The *Guardian* wouldn't run Flacks's report because SDS was social democratic!) Flacks criticized the old communist supporters for their Soviet apologetics; he was not himself a fellow traveler; he had come quite a way from his younger days. Still, it's striking that the very person

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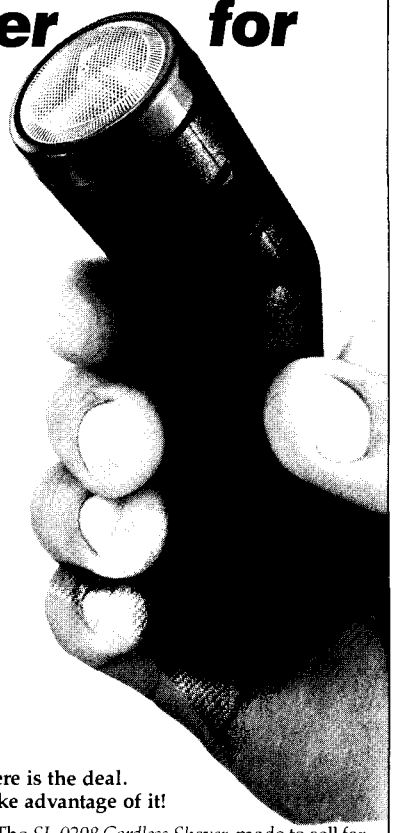

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who wrote the anti-communist plank was trying from the start to involve SDS with pro-communist journals.

As for Hayden, he was dead set against an anti-communist plank, even though his notes for the Port Huron Statement show that he was thinking seriously and intelligently about totalitarianism. Perhaps he was influenced by present or former CPers he'd met in the South, who impressed him with their stand on civil rights. In any case, he didn't want anti-communism in the statement. So you have to wonder about the anti-communist plank that finally appeared. Maybe the phrases were merely tactical, which is to say insincere, inscribed for the purpose of mollifying Harrington. More likely the plank represented genuine confusion, the product of thinking that John Dewey was great, and *Monthly Review* was also great.

Either way, like many manifestos, the Port Huron Statement turns out to have been clearer on certain fundamental issues than its own authors were. Which is to say, Harrington should apologize, but not overmuch, for his sectarianism. He and his allies did see something at Port Huron that was antithetical to democratic socialism, and it was fitting that he would want to flay his opponents alive. The fate of the left was at stake. It was only too bad that in practice his reactions encouraged what he was trying to prevent.

SDS's backsliding into communism went in stages, beginning with insincere anti-communism, sinking to anti-anti-communism, then arriving at what ought to be called democratico-Stalinism. All the old nonsense of the Beatrice and Sidney Webb school of thought slowly returned in its modern Third World version. This is the delusion that comes from looking at our own beliefs and values and projecting them onto remote revolutions, in spite of evidence to the contrary. Fallacies like that are common in America, on the right as well as the left, the right wing version being to project democratic values onto counterrevolutionary thugs and terrorists. In SDS's case, the fallacy was encouraged by a natural and proper sympathy for little countries subjected to American hostility. Cuba was the first example. C. Wright Mills, the great intellectual influence on the movement, who was a fan of the old Wobblies and of workers' control, also declared himself a fan of Castro, and apparently saw no contradiction—even though the genuine anarcho-syndicalists of Cuba were fleeing for their lives to Florida.

The cult of the North Vietnamese, which came next, celebrated the Vietnamese Communists for their "rice-roots democracy." That was a phrase from *The Other Side*, the book that Hayden and Staughton Lynd wrote after accepting an invitation from Herbert Aptheker of the Communist Party to visit North Vietnam in 1965. *The Other Side* misinterpreted the egalitarian selflessness that arises in any popular war, and in the first moments of any revolution, as an essential quality of Vietnamese communism. By adopting such positions, the top SDS leaders, and a good many local leaders around the country, never had to tax themselves with even the simplest questions about communism and its real relation to democracy. They had thrown over the intellectual task of the democratic left in the age of Third World revolution, which is to distinguish what is nationalist and progressive in foreign revolutions from what is tyrannical and retrograde.

The SDSers never felt, at least not in the beginning, that they were slipping into communism. They still felt themselves to be radical democrats. Bob Ross, one of the early leaders, told Miller that LID's fear of communism seemed "Kafkaesque." And it's true that an SDS convention in 1964 voted down a call to emulate China and Cuba. But by 1965 the SDS office was mailing out song lyrics like: "And before I'll be fenced in, I'll vote for Ho Chi Minh, and go back to the North and be free." Elders with whom SDS hadn't broken relations, figures such as Norman Thomas and A. J. Muste, remonstrated. There were protests within SDS too, notably from Paul Potter, who was an old comrade of Hayden's from the civil rights movement in Mississippi. Even so, by 1966 a new edition of Port Huron quietly dropped the sections on "Anti-Communism" and "Communism and Foreign Policy." The participatory democrats were giving up on their own doctrine. The bigger the movement grew, the further it retreated from its own vision; the more success it enjoyed, the less it was able to retain the key to that success.

The final stage occurred as a result of another decision made at Port Huron—the decision, adopted against all the experience of democratic socialism, not to exclude members of explicitly communist organizations from joining SDS. For reasons I've never understood, older members of SDS always regarded this decision as crucial in establishing what was new about the New Left. They felt proud about the decision in 1962, and 25 years later some of them still feel proud, which looks to me a little like an adult relishing how he took up cigarettes against his parents' advice. The SDS veterans see it as a blow against Joe McCarthy, and not as a blow against common sense. Even now they seem not to realize how surely this decision sold the New Left down the river.

AMONG THE founders at Port Huron who voted against the exclusion of communist organizations were reformed veterans of the "right wing" of the old communist youth movement, the Labor Youth League, who regarded themselves as authentic converts to democracy. And a mere four years later the "left wing" veterans of the same communist organization, newly reorganized in the Progressive Labor Party, set about using the Port Huron anti-exclusionary rule to infiltrate SDS. Progressive Labor was the opposite of everything SDS stood for. It was a rigid, hierarchical, authoritarian movement that proposed to refashion the United States into a Maoist state. Its members struck genuine SDSers as robots or androids. They were frightening with their anti-hippie short hair, their way of turning over the most intimate details of their personal life to Party discipline, their crafty and disciplined manner at meetings. They were, in sum, a cult.

Yet they established a base in SDS, above all at Harvard, which in SDS's later years was a center for the worst and most reactionary elements in student radicalism. And from this base they were able to derail the movement. They would rope in and deceive naive students just long enough to get them to vote at one or two meetings, which was sufficient to take over a committee or a chapter. They confused the rank and file with their accusations of anti-communism against anyone who opposed them—since by the time of their challenge, in 1967 and '68, it had become virtually impossible for true SDSers to affirm anti-communism as the movement's proper doctrine. They made it seem that standing up for democratic ideals within SDS was McCarthyite. They provoked their opponents to imi-

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tate them in order to oppose them, which was probably their worst effect of all. These robots did more damage than a thousand secret police agents (who were also active, to be sure). Finally the robots took over.

Pockets of participatory democracy never disappeared from SDS. Even among the leaders and best-known activists in the last years there were numerous individuals who remained faithful to the Port Huron Statement and to the democratic intentions of C. Wright Mills. There was Murray Bookchin and his followers, the proto-Greens, who put up a spirited campaign for ecological anarchism against the champions of Mao and Ho. (Miller was a Bookchinite in those days.) There were left-wing Shachtmanite and post-Shachtmanite groupuscules who had always stood by the student movement and who later on helped transform some of the SDSers into idealistic trade unionists or academic socialists. But these libertarian Greens, democratic reds, and radical democrats were always losing their faction fights.

The organization as a whole turned into its opposite, into Students for a Dictatorial Society, though more as a species of insanity (for the politicos) or as a species of cultural revolt like taking up LSD (for the freaks and hippies) than as a serious political move. Miller gives a feeling for what it was like in his account of Hayden. By 1967 and '68, the visionary who had put together SDS's statement in 1962 was privately negotiating with Robert Kennedy and Averell Harriman to arrange some sort of radical-liberal alliance, or at least some mutual benefits, while publicly babbling odes to Mao Zedong and urban guerrillas. At the Chicago demonstrations, where at least one older leader of the anti-war movement contemplated physically yanking Hayden off the speaker's platform, the hero of Port Huron was running around now in a football helmet, now in a woman's wig, to avoid getting arrested. Only his voice was recognizable. "My God! Tom?" his friends would say. Then the "next Lenin" went to Berkeley and began organizing target practice.

A glance around the globe shows that one wing of the student movement in almost every country followed the same course. These global realities of the 1960s make you think twice before suggesting that a better speech and a more flexible policy by Michael Harrington would have altered history, though who knows. Of course the movement self-destructed in each country differently. The Red Brigades and allied groups in Italy did their best to overthrow democracy, only to be stopped by, among others, those social democrats, the Italian Communists. In France, on the other hand, the Maoists became so ridiculous that they noticed it themselves and disbanded (doing no great harm, not even to the cause of French socialism), leaving large parts of the country feeling that the uprisings of '68 were pretty much a good thing, even if a lot of windows were broken.

In America the degeneration of the student left produced more violence than it did in France, as befit the national character and the enraging conditions of the Vietnam War. But even acknowledging some escapades in banditry that were more famous than they were effective, the self-destruction of the student left in America by and large followed the benign French, not the malign Italian, pattern. SDS had 100,000 members in 1968, according to Miller's estimate. By the summer of 1969, when the organization's leaders went two varieties of Maoist, mad and madder, some 98,000 instantly preferred being hippies or independent radicals. "If you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao / You ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow," said Lennon and McCartney.

I think those 98,000 dropouts felt, usually in inarticulate ways, that SDS had been pretty good, but that it had changed on them. They were right. The dropouts were more faithful to the original inspiration than were the last generation of leaders. I think the 98,000 felt that SDS was one of the great radical reform movements in modern America; that it accomplished marvels; that ultimately it helped to end the war in Vietnam; that it furthered the rights of minorities; that it offered a new conception of personal identity and democratic participation that was superior to the apathy fostered by conventional American culture; and that it's too bad about what happened at the end, but oh, well. I suppose that if I had been a professor in 1968, I would have taken a different view, would have attached the word "criminal" to participatory democracy, the way it used to be attached to syndicalism, and would have shuddered at the fearful letters "SDS" the way people shuddered at "IWW." But having been one of the 98,000, I find that the experience of SDS made me a better citizen, not a worse one. Miller feels the same way.

THE MODERN MARINER

The Tidewater Tales: A Novel by John Barth

(Putnam's, 656 pp., $21.95)

John Barth likes to recount the story of his literary education—how, as an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins, to which he has by a *commodius vicus* of recirculation returned as a professor, he had a job filing books in the stacks of the classics department; how he became intrigued by the volumes of ancient narrative that he carted to and fro—Burton's *Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, Petronius's *Satyricon*, Urquhart's Rabelais, the Sanskrit *Ocean of Story*—and thereupon launched himself forth upon an epic reading-quest. "Tales within tales within tales," Barth writes in one of the essays in his 1984 collection, *The Friday Book*, "told for the sake of their mere marvelousness. . . . I was permanently impressed by the *size* of literature and its wild variety."

Barth has long since moved from storing to storying; size and wild variety are now attributes of certain volumes in his own ample oeuvre. *The Sot-Weed Factor*, *Giles Goat Boy*, *LETTERS*—these are veritable language banquets, grand outpourings reminiscent of the days when novelists were paid by the word. And though Barth has proved, with novels like *The Floating Opera* and *The End of the Road* and fictions like *Lost in the Funhouse* and *Chimera*, that he doesn't have to write at length, the uncorseted prose of the big books, the obvious delight he

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takes in cantilevering long subordinated clauses and instigating complicated digressions, suggest that he prefers to. *The Tidewater Tales*, Barth's latest novel, only confirms the impression. The book muscles past every attention-span barrier to check in at 656 pages. You can read it, and you can stand on top of it to change a light bulb: pleasure and practicality are seldom so felicitously combined.

THE TIDEWATER TALES, a shipboard divertissement, follows in the wake of Barth's *Sabbatical: A Romance* (1982), which likewise took place on the deck of a cruising sailboat. "My books," writes the author, "tend to come in pairs; my sentences in twin members." He relates the fact to his own biological circumstances, to his having been born an opposite-sex twin. Within the pairing, however, thematic opposition often prevails. Where the husband and wife in *Sabbatical* agonize over whether or not to bring children into this "powder-keg" world, and ultimately decide not to, Katherine and Peter Sagamore, the protagonists of the new novel, are in a very different situation. As the narrative begins, Katherine—or "K," or "Kate," or "Katydid"—is eight-and-a-half months pregnant with, you guessed it, twins.

"SET ME A TASK!" demands Peter Sagamore of his wife. The two are ensconced in the luxury guest house belonging to Katherine's parents, the more than moderately well-to-do Sherritts. There Katherine plans to await her full term, while Peter, a writer, hopes to come to terms with the increasingly diminishing returns of his minimalist aesthetic. Over the years he has pruned down his once-amplitudinous fiction until the merest bones remain. These, too, he has whittled. Of his latest work only the title still stands. When Peter finds himself deleting that as well, he knows that he has come to a crisis. His capitalized cry is one of artistic desperation.

Katherine is afflicted with her own uncertainties. She has fears about bringing children into the world. Her well-meaning parents are smothering her with their solicitude; she has to keep reminding them that she is almost 40. She therefore harkens to Peter's call, countering with a command of her own: that he take her sailing. Before long, they are aboard their own vessel, the *Story*, leaving the family cove for the open waters of the Chesapeake. Their plan is to sail, swim, rest, reconnoiter their lives, and indulge their mutual love of storytelling (Katherine happens to be the founder of the American Society for the Preservation of Storytelling). So great is their delight in the first day's sailing and telling, however, that they risk a change of plans. Trusting in their shortwave radio and the propinquity of the Sherritt family's sophisticated yacht, they decide to extend their jaunt for as long as they can, perhaps right up to the onset of labor.

Barth's opening chapters commence an engaging periplus. We are given lively and witty introductory sketches, not just of Peter and Katherine, but also of the patrician senior Sherritts and their two sons—the ne'er-do-well entrepreneur Willy and the winningly pubertal "Chip." In the course of their first day's sailing we are also told just how Peter, the boat-builder's son from Dorchester, came to be the one-night lover and then, years later, husband of the beautiful and accomplished Katherine. Barth weaves these establishing accounts together with the sense-active descriptions of the *Story*'s progress over the waters. As we read we feel ourselves moving among the coves, rivers, and estuaries of the Chesapeake. In time, through the skillful counterpointing of anecdote and present-tense depiction of surroundings, these labyrinthine waterways become the topographic equivalent of the stories that keep emerging.

TALES WITHIN tales within tales. In several of the essays in *The Friday Book*, Barth rhapsodizes about the complexity of pattern in the ancient story cycles, remarking in particular the interplay between the frame narrative and the subsidiary tellings imbedded within it: "It was never Scheherazade's stories that seduced and beguiled me, but their teller and the extraordinary circumstances of their telling." If there is a central weakness in *The Tidewater Tales*, it's that Barth has nothing like the threat of a vizier's dagger to tense up his frame. The kicks and quivers of the forthcoming twins are nothing to the stroke of a blade. The hard work of seducing and beguiling therefore has to fall to the stories themselves.

Fortunately Barth has command over the full narrative lexicon. Short, long, realistic, fantastic: he spins out legends of every description. In the course of the book we are treated to personal histories (the romance between Peter and Katherine, Katherine's first marriage to the boozy pervert "Poon" Baldwin, Peter's journey from the docks of Dorchester to literary and academic success); intrigue (an impossibly involuted account of CIA and KGB double-dealing with regard to the prospective sale of a certain Bayside property to the Soviet Embassy); farce (the Sagamores find floating canisters containing installments of a preposterous play for eggs and sperm); and, finally, epics. Or, to be precise, epical retellings of epics. These are the mainstay of the novel and require some comment.

AT VARIOUS intervals during the *Story*'s 14-day excursion, Peter and Katherine meet up with diverse navigating folk, strangers as well as friends. They even have a gam with Franklin and Leah Talbott, the sailing couple from *Sabbatical*. It is from these invariably convivial others that the truly astonishing tales are heard. When they start speaking, the otherwise naturalistic space-time frame of the novel bends to accommodate the fantastic.

On the second day of their sail, as they pull into Madison Bay, the Sagamores espy a most unconventional-looking craft: "A weathered black hull with a bank of rowing ports, its transverse bow thrust forward at the waterline as if for ramming, its high stern curved and curling like an outsized Venetian gondola's, with no visible rudder." Later that day—we did not doubt it would happen—they meet and befriend the ship's owner. Theodoros (Ted) is: "Curly, burly, tan and gray, grizzled of hair and beard that once were auburn; middle-aged, robust, rather handsome, at once weathered and subtle-appearing—and dressed in a short white tunic loosely belted at the waist: a chiton!" His beautiful companion, Diana, has a gold fillet circling her hair.

The couples settle in for an evening of chat. Peter's interest in the peculiarities of boat design leads the conversation around to Homer. Soon Peter and Katherine are retelling their favorite episodes from *The Odyssey*; Ted and Diana, they note, are listening with great animation. Then, uncorking more retsina, their hosts launch into an account that will leave the Sagamores gaping.

Theirs is an after-*Odyssey*, a tale that starts where Homer's left off. Odysseus has returned from his travails, has vanquished the suitors, and once again shares the marriage-bed with Penelope. But the hero discovers that he is restless; his heart keeps pining for the Nausicaa of distant memory. Penelope, for her part, starts longing for the caresses of

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Phemius, the singer who kept her company (and later, she confesses to Odysseus, made love to her) during the long years of waiting and weaving. The jealous Odysseus tracks down Phemius, blinds him, and sends him packing. But the marriage is finished.

Odysseus then sets off alone to search for Nausicaa. And, after all kinds of vexing delays, he finally locates her. She is living on a mountaintop with none other than the blinded Phemius. The singer is now something of a legend, captivating his audiences with his accounts of the homeward journey of Odysseus. Nausicaa has put up with his lecherous gropings for the sake of his song: she cannot hear enough about the man she still loves.

Odysseus finally claims his Nausicaa, and the two make a bold plan. They obtain and outfit the swiftest ship known to man; then they sail due west, chasing the sun through the Pillars of Hercules (here Barth takes his cue from Dante's version of Ulysses' last voyage). Odysseus has calculated that by matching the speed of their flight to that of the sun's decline, they can reach a timeless state—they need never age or die. "Whew," exclaims Katherine. "What happened after that?" Diana replies: "Nothing. They lived happily ever after." The Sagamores return to their own boat in a stupor, neither of them willing to voice the obvious surmise.

BARTH LATER WORKS in two other variations on the familiar, first when Peter and Katherine encounter a garrulous old mariner named Donald Quicksoat (his boat: the *Rocinante IV*), and then when they hook up with the Talbotts, who tell how the original enchantress, Scheherazade, magically appeared in their lives. We are given proof positive, should we need it, that the old tunes can still be made to dance. Still, it is a fine line that Barth elects to tread. For one thing, these airings of the incredible strain forcibly against the otherwise scrupulously rendered here and now. For another, the novel is severely hobbled by its lack of a governing structure. Barth's sly self-critique—he has Peter muse about writing a novel "in which next to nothing happens beyond an interminably pregnant couple's swapping stories"—cannot disarm the reader's own critical impulse. The book's success has nothing to do with its design: the whole lives only through the vitality of its parts.

On the surface, these parts have about as much in common as the objects in a scavenger's bag. A play for sperm and eggs? A CIA-KGB thriller? An apocryphal episode from the life of Don Quixote de la Mancha? But Barth's art is such that a subtle thematic tension emerges from beneath the surface jumble. We find an insistent to-and-fro starting up between the cyclic and the linear. Repetitive patterning yields to the eruptive breakthrough, then reasserts itself. On the one hand: tides, menses, the nightly appeasement of the vizier, Penelope's weaving and unravelling. On the other: the issue of twins, the sailing forth out of time by Odysseus and Nausicaa, the end of Scheherazade's inventions after the 1001st night—I cite but a few of myriad instances. They function, much like the meta-metaphors of telling and sailing, to hold the heteroclite pieces of Barth's collage together.

The contesting forces don't finally discharge themselves in any dramatic fashion. The babes (cleverly, then irritatingly, addressed with in utero monikers like "Tweedles Dum and Dee" and "Toil and Trouble") are born; the off-stage villains (Willy and "Poon") reap their reward; and Peter passes through the needle's eye of his artistic crisis and starts to write. He closes the circle with his last-sentence decision to pen: "THE TIDEWATER TALES: A NOVEL." But for all its sprawl and diffuseness, the book is decidedly uplifting. The means so overwhelm the ends that we give up questioning necessity. We accept the gifts in the spirit in which they are offered.

SVEN BIRKERTS

Sven Birkerts's *An Artificial Wilderness*, a collection of literary essays, will be published by William Morrow in September.

AGAINST ALL HOPE

Life and Death in Shanghai by Nien Cheng

(Grove Press, 562 pp., $19.95)

Born Red: A Chronicle of the Cultural Revolution by Gao Yuan

(Stanford University Press, 380 pp., $39.50, $7.95 paper)

These two books by survivors of the Cultural Revolution—Nien Cheng the victim and Gao Yuan the victimizer—give a dramatic, horrifying account of what happened to individuals in what many Chinese call their Holocaust. Unlike the Holocaust, however, what happened in China was not a systematic slaughter of millions of people simply because of what they were. True, most of the victims were members of China's middle class: intellectuals, bureaucrats, Party officials, skilled workers, and ex-capitalists. But their deaths, their imprisonment, their torture, and their suicides had more to do with uncontrollable forces unleased by the Cultural Revolution than with any systematic policy.

Nien Cheng, who was educated abroad, returned to China at the time of the 1949 revolution because of a sense of patriotism, a belief that the Chinese Communists would finally bring China out of backwardness and restore its greatness. Like so many of her compatriots, she offered her services to her country. But beginning in the mid-1950s the Party persecuted intellectuals for their expertise and their Western orientation. When her husband died in 1957, Nien Cheng unofficially took over his position as manager of the Shell Oil concession in Shanghai. Although she continued to live an elegant life in her old house, catered to by three servants, nothing could protect her when Mao unleashed the Red Guards. They invaded her home in August 1966, smashing precious objects and burning books. She was subjected to large "struggle" meetings, where she was jeered at and humiliated by former colleagues. She was then imprisoned on charges of being a "spy for the imperialists."

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Despite six-and-a-half years of solitary confinement, bitter cold, little food, serious physical ailments, unbearable torture, and constant interrogations, Nien Cheng refused to confess. In Kafkaesque scenes, she repeatedly insisted that "I have not committed any crimes, so how can I confess to something that I have not done?" She records most of her experiences in exchanges that she claims to remember vividly because of their traumatic nature.

But it is exactly because of their traumatic nature that it is difficult to believe that she can truly recall those scenes as accurately as she claims. Of course there is no one else to attest to their veracity; surely her interrogators are not going to substantiate her accounts. Moreover, there is an element of self-righteousness, even of arrogance, in her claim that she always outsmarted her dim-witted persecutors, who knew less about Marxism-Leninism than she did (she was educated at the London School of Economics). But whether the dialogue is real or imagined, there is no question that her contempt for her persecutors helped her to survive her ordeal intact. They could not break her spirit. Even when she discovered, after her release from prison, that her daughter, her only child, had been killed for refusing to denounce her mother, Nien Cheng's anger, and her will to find the murderer, prevented her from sinking into despair.

AS A DEPICTION of life under totalitarian rule, Nien Cheng's story is in a class with Armando Valladares's *Against All Hope*, and sometimes brings Nadezhda Mandelstam to mind. When Nien Cheng was released in 1973, spies were planted in her home and among her relatives and friends to report on her activities—which they did to protect themselves and their families. Her brother, who had denounced her, remarked how unique she was in refusing to conform, so unlike "wise Chinese who bend with the wind to survive the hurricane." One young "spy" had recommended "dishonesty" as the only way to get along in present-day China: "After what you have been through, you should know that to be honest is suicidal."

What explains her uniqueness? Was it her Western education? Her conversion to Christianity? Except for reciting the 23rd Psalm and praying to God while in prison, her religion does not appear to have played a major part in her life. Moreover, many Western-educated converted Christians confessed their "sins," and some non-Westernized Chinese refused to confess. There is a Confucian tradition that one must speak the truth, even under pain of death. It is finally impossible to explain why Nien Cheng resisted, just as it is impossible to understand why so few Germans resisted Hitler and so few Russians resisted Stalin.

GAO YUAN, who relates his experiences in *Born Red*, exemplifies the majority of the Chinese who obeyed Mao's orders. He was a Red Guard, one of the type who sacked Nien Cheng's home. His book is also written in recreated dialogue, recalled after he left China. (Like Nien Cheng, he is now living in the United States.) A high school student when Mao launched the Cultural Revolution, Gao Yuan denounced his teachers, betrayed his friends, and disowned his father, a county Party official. It was only when Mao imposed military authority on the Red Guards, over whom he had lost control, that Gao Yuan began to question the Cultural Revolution that had turned him into a thief, a liar, and a participant in acts of violence that caused the deaths of friends, as well as of "enemies" in rival Red Guard factions. And he questions how his father, an old revolutionary whom the Cultural Revolution had persecuted, can still say: "Even though this movement is beyond my comprehension, as a faithful Party member, I must follow the Central Committee's leadership."

What makes virtually a whole nation follow orders, particularly the kind of orders that led to the near anarchy of 1966-69? Gao Yuan does not even attempt to explain—perhaps he is unable to explain—why students beat up their teachers, attacked their parents, and brutalized their friends. Nien Cheng at least touches on the question of why her colleagues denounced her and her friends spied on her. "The cruel reality of the system under which they had to live compelled them to lie and pretend," she writes. She indicts the political system for forcing most of the Chinese people, whom she describes as "kind, sensitive, and compassionate," to participate in the Cultural Revolution.

The post-Mao reform regime of Deng Xiaoping, as well as more conservative Party leaders, rejects Nien Cheng's indictment of the political system, an indictment also leveled by a small number of intellectuals who were attacked in the bourgeois liberalization campaign of early 1987. Instead the Deng regime blames the Cultural Revolution on China's authoritarian traditions, which inculcated an unquestioning obedience. But this still does not explain why so many Chinese treated one another so cruelly, or why an intelligent student such as Gao Yuan or Western-educated people such as Nien Cheng's colleagues could behave so viciously.

Nien Cheng and a small number of intellectuals appear to be closer to the truth in their understanding of what happened in those years than the regime does. The political system established in 1949 had much more control over its population in housing, food, jobs, medical care, and education than the traditional system ever had. It also had modern techniques of coercion and a demagogic leader of a kind unknown to China's dynastic rulers. Since the early 1950s, this system had launched campaigns that mobilized increasing numbers of people to ferret out "opponents," whom it designated as "class enemies" blocking the establishment of a new Communist society. The Cultural Revolution was the ultimate result of these campaigns, as Mao turned on his Party colleagues and charged them with obstructing the path to an egalitarian utopia. The power struggle at the top was reflected in conflicts at the bottom, in contests between various factions representing Party and military leaders. State-coerced mobilization, a demagogic leader, utopian visions, and factional conflicts: these combined to explode into the madness of the Cultural Revolution.

The memoirs of Nien Cheng, Gao Yuan, and others may help to construct a conscious, collective memory that might prevent a repetition of the madness. But memory fades. And although post-Mao China no longer has state-coerced terror, a demagogic leader, or utopian visions, it retains the same political system that made the Cultural Revolution possible. Until some real constraints are placed on political power in China, there will be no guarantee that it will never again suffer a Cultural Revolution.

MERLE GOLDMAN

Merle Goldman, a professor of Chinese history at Boston University, is the author of *China's Intellectuals: Advise and Dissent* (Harvard University Press).

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SHAFTESBURY MEETS KARL MARX

The Political Theory of Painting from Reynolds to Hazlitt: "The Body of the Public"
by John Barrell

(Yale University Press, 366 pp., 26 illus., $30)

John Barrell's earlier book, *The Dark Side of the Landscape*, was a bold Marxist critique of the landscape painting of Gainsborough and Constable, laid out in primary, often glaring colors. It made good use of contemporary criticisms of the paintings, looking closely at what they did *not* talk about; but it also looked closely at the paintings themselves and their crucial omissions (e.g., where are the laborers who service these fields?). Although I found it difficult to agree with Barrell's conclusions, I admired his extrapolation of political significance from the act of omission (the old Sherlock Holmes enigma of the dog that did not bark). *The Political Theory of Painting* follows the more established art-historical method of looking primarily at the words written about paintings. Paintings are the crucial omission here.

Barrell treats the potentially interesting case of painters who themselves write about painting—writing that he refers to as "theory." The country is England, the period roughly that of *Dark Side*, from the founding of the Royal Academy (1768) to the year after Waterloo. The theorist-painters are Sir Joshua Reynolds (the first president of the Royal Academy), James Barry, Henry Fuseli, and Benjamin Robert Haydon, with William Blake and William Hazlitt (though hardly of their company) thrown in for good measure. Reynolds is the centerpiece.

The antique paintings on which these writers based their theories no longer existed and were known to them only in the descriptions of ancient writers; surviving antique sculptures, often fragments or copies, served as substitutes, significantly without the primary qualities of paintings. Barrell himself, even given the fact that his theorists were also painters, includes no referents beyond their written texts. The pictures they painted, though occasionally samples are provided, are never discussed, nor are pictures by their contemporaries or the pictures that may have resulted from their theories. There is not even a concrete reference to the history and politics of the time in which they wrote.

What are these missing referents? In politics, this was the period of the American and French revolutions (Lewis Namier's era of nominalist self-interest). In art, it was the period following the death of Hogarth and culminating in the masterpieces of Turner and Constable, the two English painters who unquestionably rank with the greatest of their continental counterparts. The paintings of Reynolds, Barry, and Fuseli were at best interesting violations of the principles laid down in their writings, at worst travesties of those principles. The contemporary paintings influenced by their theories were the heroic figure compositions, the so-called history paintings, of West, Northcote, Romney, and the artists of Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. But the English paintings of this period that we value are the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough and the landscapes of Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable.

The writings themselves are seen by Barrell to be struggling with a Foucauldian notion of "discourse" that delimits the parameters of individual performance. Barrell has picked up the "discourse of civic humanism" from J. G. A. Pocock and traces its decline through the writings of his artist-theorists. Civic humanism, one type of political discourse at the beginning of the 18th century, was based on the assumption that a citizen lives a public life, subordinating his will to the polis, and disdains the "privatization" and "corruption" (two key words of the discourse) of politics. To be a civic humanist, however, this man of public virtue requires the independence and disinterestedness derived only from large landed properties and interests. The application to painting was laid out in writings at the beginning of the century by the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the grandson of the great Whig earl: the highest genre was history painting, the depiction of heroic (read "aristocratic") public action, based on the ideal human body, pared of difference and discrepancy until it was only a shining "central

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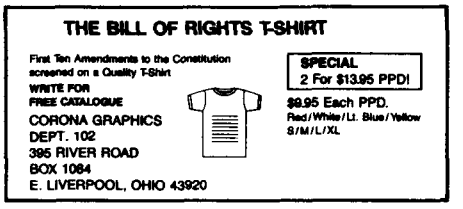

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form." This meant a concern with idea and theory rather than with painting; with the artist as intellectual, indeed as theorist, rather than as (in Shaftesbury's term) the laborious mechanic who applies paint to canvas; with the patron of public works rather than the collector of possessions (and representations of them) who "privatizes" art.

BARRELL'S THESIS is that "the criticism of painting had no language to employ but a political language." It is true that certain sentiments were not expressible, even when related to painting, without being shaped into the vocabulary of civic humanism, and that lip service continued to be paid to other sentiments surviving in this discourse. Barrell acknowledges the coexistence of civic humanism with a discourse of "commerce" or a "bourgeois" civic humanism. But he says nothing of the political discourse of "stoic civic humanism," of "civic jurisprudence," or of Whiggish opportunism—let alone the pervasive analytic-referential discourse that derived from the Royal Society, or the secondary discourse of Puritanism or High Church Anglicanism. Scholars continue to argue over which was primary, which secondary.

In the hands of many 18th-century writers civic humanism was a remnant or residue for the purpose of occultation, like the discourse of Puritanism (fall, redemption, and conversion) with which Robinson Crusoe tinctures his economic materialism. It had resurfaced in the rhetoric of the anti-Walpole opposition, which included some nostalgic Jacobites, and then in the rhetoric surrounding the neo-Toryism of George III's early years, which coincided with the founding of the Royal Academy. In the writings of Reynolds and Company civic humanism represented an attempt to shore up a lost world, the lostness of which was evident in the art that followed from it, and to bolster the theorist's own position as aristocrat-artist.

Barrell's misunderstanding lies, first, in claiming that a political discourse (which he argues distinguishes the English art theorists from their continental precursors) obliterates the aesthetic discourse of the influential art treatises (of Bellori, Lomazzo, Félibien, de Piles); and, second, in privileging a discourse in words about art over the graphic discourse of the art itself. He does not take notice of the peculiar fact that these civic humanist artists wrote from the verbal tradition and painted by trying to join verbal and graphic traditions (vocabularies based on poetic or political discourse as well as on Ripa's *Iconologia* or Raphael's Cartoons). He does not broach the subject of the relationship between word and image in their work. He does not acknowledge that their theories have no very great intrinsic interest aside from the disastrous effect they had on their own paintings and the paintings of some Royal Academy students, or that these writings were read (with the exception of Reynolds's *Discourses*) by a very limited circle, primarily artists connected with the Royal Academy.

In short, Barrell overlooks the real subject of a "political theory of painting" in 18th-century England: the discrepancy between the discourse of civic humanism and political practice, between the claims of the theory formulated by these artists and the accomplishment of their paintings, between failed and successful paintings, and, in a larger sense, between the privileging of words and the privileging of graphic images. Without the works and the sociopolitical history the theory (so minutely described) takes on the hallucinatory quality of the scholastic question of how many angels can stand on the head of a pin—a question somewhat localized by the fact that Adam Smith had used the economic significance of pin-making in the 1770s to demonstrate the division of labor. That phenomenon is used by Barrell to explain painting's decline from a liberal art to mechanical drudgery, as the history painter (who combined all genres in his supergenre) was replaced by painters of portraits, landscapes, horses or dogs, and still life.

IF BARRELL'S subject is not the works of art his theorists were really talking about, nor the political or social reality to which those works relate, it is presumably the idea that is projected by his theorists' texts. This, he argues, is primarily the idea of a "public art" and a "public" for this art. Barrell's own rather general phrasing of the civic humanist belief is that "a primary function of painting is to make us aware of what we have in common," that art should be public and publicly shared.

This is a rich subject. Thomas Crow's recent study, *Painters and Public Life in 18th-Century Paris*, does establish precise senses of "public" for French painting of the period by carefully relating texts (by critics, spectators, and artists) to the paintings themselves. All that Barrell says of painting is that with the decline of civic humanist discourse "painting itself became steadily more marginal." This is a strange judgment on the period that produced the paintings of Constable and Turner; but of course Barrell, like his theorists, is writing of the ideal world of Phidias and Praxiteles. The ideal Greek Republic envisioned by Barrell's theorists existed only in ancient texts and in their minds. Barrell leaves us to intuit the remarkable phenomenon that while these theorists write about the preeminence of the human figure (the "body" of Barrell's title), the painters are demonstrating that the significant subject of representation is landscape.

The writings analyzed by Barrell amount in my view to an attempt to control the tradition of English art and turn it into a tradition dominated by ideas, words, and Whig patriotism that in practice represented the ruling elite and that eked out its most enduring graphic progeny in sculpture—in the grotesque Westminster Abbey tombs of Wolfe, Fox, and Pitt the younger (also absent from Barrell's account).

IT IS at first difficult to understand the enthusiasm of a Marxist critic for a conservative, elitist, sterile, and moribund discourse like that of Reynolds, Barry, Fuseli, and Haydon. The first 90 percent of the book is a series of convoluted sentences, full of hesitations and concessive clauses, that support the 18th-century establishment theory of art. I have considered the possibility that Barrell is addressing himself to another sort of elite, a revolutionary cadre that recognizes in his words a donnish irony; but the divergence from *Dark Side* is too great to permit this interpretation. (As I read Barrell's *Political Theory* I was also reading *English Society 1699-1832* by the neoconservative J. C. D. Clark, and found the tones interchangeable.) But when we reach the last chapter—in which the Romantic Hazlitt emerges as the villain of the book—we realize that Barrell sees in the writing of his theorists a project for a public art, based on "public" patronage, depicting human figures in actions subordinated to a public good that corresponds to socialist realism of the 1930s (as the man of independent means who can participate in *civitas* corresponds to the revolutionary elite). As Zhdanov did when he laid down the Party line at the All-Union Congress of 1934, Barrell looks around him and sees a plethora of eccentric, privatized art, all apparently

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examples of bourgeois subjectivism and possessiveness (paintings of, or at any rate about, possessions, whether women or horses or estates), and yearns, with his theorist-painters, for an art that shows only heroes in heroic action and allows the "public" (in Trotsky's words) "to catch a glimpse of our tomorrow"—an attempt, as rhetoric, to transform "the human consciousness in the spirit of socialism." Having condemned constructivism and suprematism, Zhdanov found his solution in the academic history painting of czarist Russia.

Barrell champions the unlikely crew of Reynolds and Company because, however reactionary, they see art as the effect of "the possible operation of historical factors," rather than, as Hazlitt claims, "a transaction between nature and individual genius," which is (anathema to Barrell) "a private transaction." Hazlitt's error, in Barrell's view, was to substitute for the discourse of civic humanism the more "modern" discourse of an avant-garde, of genius, and of the isolated artist (implicit in Barry's civic humanism but here no longer disguised). Thus Barrell's inordinate sympathy with the banal and pompous effusions of Barry and Fuseli, who attribute the decline of art to corruption, social degeneration, and the privatization of art in a capitalist society. (Fuseli, of course, was an artist of the private inner closet, where heroic action melted into erotic fantasy.)

AT LEAST we can now see how this strange book fits into the same Barrell discourse of *The Dark Side of the Landscape*. The earlier book showed how civic humanism disappeared from landscape painting during this period. At first there was a landscape legitimated by human, heroic, public figures and action; and then the figures were softened and omitted in favor of pure landscape, ultimately either pure formalism or what Barrell would think of as pure desire for possessions. But now those public figures prove to be supporters of the establishment and of an elitist theory of art.

The difference between Reynolds and Hazlitt is simply that Reynolds writes for a small ruling elite, while Hazlitt continues to support the ideals of the French Revolution. (Blake, the French Revolution enthusiast, only fits into Barrell's argument by way of a demonstration that in his formal writings—as opposed to the knee-jerk anti-Reynolds jottings in the margins of his copy of the *Discourses*, which are generally used to establish his opinions—he agreed with an idea of generalization that corresponded to Reynolds's.) More precisely, Hazlitt sums up the opposing traditions of English art when he writes (explaining that he would prefer a Cartoon by Raphael to a Dutch Family by Teniers but that he would equally prefer a Dutch Family picture to a Cartoon if both were by Teniers): "I should prefer truth and nature in the simplest dress to affection [sic, for affectation] and inanity in the most pompous disguise."

Hazlitt saw that the significant opposition was between the Greek past and the indigenous English, Hogarthian present. Fuseli had recognized, without naming, Hogarth (who served him as both culprit and inspiration) when he eroticized the "pompous disguise" that Hogarth had travestied and satirized. Barrell does not consider what it might have meant for Hazlitt—contra all the earlier theorists in the book—to employ their older contemporary, Hogarth, as his protagonist, let alone how Hogarth's art might have supported Hazlitt's argument. This Greek-modern English opposition, summed up in Hogarth's celebrated comment on the difference between the most perfect antique Venus and a living English woman, highlights the difference between Shaftesbury's civic humanism and a sharp contemporary eye (in Hazlitt's Wordsworthian terms, keeping one's eye steadily fixed on the object).

Had Barrell looked at the art itself—not the theorists who talked about a "public" but the paintings affected by their theory—he might have explored the different ways in which Barry and Blake, for example, attempted to make art "public" by, in Barry's case, donating murals to the private Society for the Arts and, in Blake's, printing and selling hand-made, hand-colored books. He might then have noted the interesting fact that both of these were "privatized," essentially elitist versions of the genuinely public images that Hogarth had painted in St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the Foundling Hospital, and that he had published in widely distributed prints on issues of immediate interest to Londoners. The program projected by Barrell's theorists in the 1770s had been accomplished by Hogarth in the 1730s and '40s, with the important difference that Hogarth's subject was plebeian, not aristocratic, and that it was accompanied by graphic rather than verbal commentary. Only near the end of his career did he write an art treatise, *The Analysis of Beauty*, which ignored the discourse of civic humanism as his graphic art had from the beginning subverted and ridiculed it.

If in *The Political Theory of Painting* Barrell's "concern" was, as he says, "to understand the history and function of painting in terms of its relation to the political," he should have turned his attention to the intersection of theory and

BREUGHEL'S PEASANTS, AND THE MONTH OF AUGUST

There's too much not to want it all to happen.
The surfeit clothes the summer in daylight wheat,
engulfs the reapers like good weather the short
time it takes for art

to terrorize them into their timeless instant.
Their hopes and fears persist for us unmagnified,
their backs turned on the enormous distances
of the absent God,

the clear reach of the absence of His judgment,
where kids string across meadows at games of luck
and up a cleared furrow a man and woman,
barely two brushstrokes,

beyond the nourishment of consolation,
have just topped the breadcrust hill, with the kingdom
behind them, as if the harvest could happen
with or without them.

WILLIAM OLSEN

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practice in Reynolds and his followers, relating this back to Hogarth and the painters (primarily Gainsborough, but also in important ways Reynolds himself) who learned from him how the political and aesthetic do, in day-to-day life, interact and how an artist does reach, or create, a "public" while maintaining the fiction of his "individual genius."

Hazlitt was perspicacious enough to recognize that the 18th century in England was a period in which theory fell far behind practice, in which the term "high art" or canonical art (with all of its civic-humanist associations) was called seriously into question. It was a period noted chiefly for the emergence of new genres in both literature and graphic art based on materials hitherto considered inappropriate for the serious poet or painter.

For anyone interested in every turn and twist of thought in the discourse of Reynolds, Barry, and Fuseli this book will make the sociopolitical dimension of Royal Academy thought, as opposed to practice (or—what I should have thought was crucial in English painting—anti-academic practice), very clear. Its drawbacks, however, are manifest for anyone without the patience to follow these artists' self-sustaining verbal systems supported by neither art nor historical reference. One is reminded in a doleful way that our best literary critics at present write about critics and their theories, as art historians have long preferred to write about the words of art rather than the works.

RONALD PAULSON

Ronald Paulson, Mayer Professor of the Humanities at Johns Hopkins University, is currently writing a book on 18th-century English aesthetics.

TRB, *from page 4*

chemists produce the wonderful conclusion that no one but the president's own staff can prosecute the president's own staff for *failing* to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." I hope someone will ask Robert Bork if this is his idea of strict constructionism.

The attack on the independence of independent prosecutors is just part of a larger conservative effort to reinterpret the presidency under the Constitution as an elected dictatorship. The administration's supporters argue that virtually any attempt by Congress to constrain the president's power in foreign policy, such as the War Powers Act and the Boland amendment, is unconstitutional.

In his *Washington Post* screed urging a pardon for North and Poindexter, Patrick Buchanan cut through the tedious argument about what the Boland amendment may or may not have meant. Who cares what it meant? Buchanan urges President Reagan to "demand, not request, $500 million for the *contras*." If Congress says no, send the money anyway and dare them to impeach him. "They wouldn't have the *cojones*." (That's not Spanish for "constitutional authority.")

This kind of talk is revealing, I think. So is conservative pundit Richard Viguerie's widely quoted remark about the hearings that "liberals are listening to the words . . . but the guy in the street hears the music." So is Buchanan's fantasy of "an Avenida Oliver North, leading directly into the Plaza William J. Casey" in a liberated Managua. What it all reveals is that the conservative populism these gentlemen claim to represent bears more similarity to Perón-style Latin fascism than to American-style representative democracy. Buchanan and Company are happy enough to fan and exploit popular passions, to intimidate critics with piles of telegrams. But they don't trust the wishes of the people as expressed by their elected representatives.

In fact, they don't really trust the people. Buchanan wrote Reagan's November 13 "now-you-are-going-to-hear-the-facts" television speech in which he said: "We did not—repeat did not—trade weapons or anything else for hostages, nor will we." At the recommendation of Oliver North, the speech also said that all the weapons sold to Iran would "easily fit into a single cargo plane." We now know Reagan had signed a document authorizing the arms sale explicitly labeled "hostage rescue," and that far more than one planeload of arms was involved.

Did Buchanan knowingly help the president lie to the citizenry, or was he duped himself? Either way, he now thinks the man who invented these lies for the president to tell the people should be rewarded with absolution and hero worship. Some populist. These guys will go *mano a mano* with Abu Nidal, but when it comes to American democracy and American justice, they'd rather duck the fight.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

than having compared national systems, have concluded (rightly) that ours is not working as well as Rosovsky would have us believe. He unwittingly illustrates the critics' basic contention: our universities judge themselves by their "inputs," not their "outputs." Combine enough faculty stars with enough library books, computers, grants, and students scoring 1400 on the SATs, and the "highest" learning results. But there is no evidence of significant residual effects on student learning. Great research universities are important. But a system of higher education, like an industrial economy, is judged as much by the quality of its colonels, sergeants, and privates as it is by its generals. Above all, it is judged by its most basic output, student learning and growth.

CLIFFORD ADELMAN
Kensington, Maryland

BIG LIES, LITTLE LIES

To the editors:

If Jesse Jackson had compared Iranamok to the Holocaust or forced collectivization—even implicitly—TNR would have jumped down his throat, and rightly so. Yet in "The Culture of Lying" (July 13 & 20) Mark Hosenball compares the petty deceptions of some members of the Reagan administration to the Big Lies around which totalitarian systems are based and by which they are justified. Do you really feel that the behavior we are witnessing is "a cousin" to that of Nazi Germany or the Soviet Union, simply not as "transparent" or "vehement"?

GIDEON ROSE
Washington, D.C.

HUNGARIAN RSVP

To the editors:

I wish to add to the Notebook item regarding the distinguished social philosopher Janós Kis and the Hungarian government's refusal to grant him a passport (July 6). The Foreign Policy Research Institute is organizing a conference of leading intellectual figures from Communist countries to discuss the question "Will the Communist States Survive? The View From Within," to take place in New York City on October 23-25, 1987. Mr. Kis has accepted our invitation to participate in the conference. But, it appears, he will not be able to attend.

VLADIMIR TISMANEANU
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Return to Realism

EDWARD HOPPER AND RAPHAEL SOYER are the masters of the realist sensibility in 20th-century American painting. Hopper is dead; Soyer, at 87, is not only productive but still masterly. Like Holbein and Ingres, Delacroix and Degas, he draws every day. The discipline of drawing is there in all his paintings. Certainly no one in our time has evoked lonely sensuality on canvas more sympathetically. After the long ascendency of abstraction, representation is again in vogue. So Soyer, like Hopper, is now much "paraphrased," as Meyer Schapiro puts it. An overdue tribute. Soyer's chosen subject is women, but he has painted landscapes and cityscapes—and some men, too. I was lucky enough to be among them. Some 13 or 14 years ago I sat for him, in his New York studio, one afternoon a week through autumn and into winter. The painting captured, said a truth-telling friend, "the small gentle sliver" of my character.

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, I arranged for him to paint a portrait of Golda Meir. Contemporaries, they apparently found much to talk about, though if they had discussed politics, I could imagine the atmosphere turning icy. It's fair to say that Soyer is still a sentimental lefty. Golda was without such illusions. The testimony of the painting is that they must have talked about growing up out of similar backgrounds, about the many people whose lives both had touched. Soyer knew that he was painting a Promethean figure, but his portrayal is not of Golda's colossal external strength. It is of her inner self, the reflective Jewish matriarch for whose ingathered children her colossal powers had been mobilized. The public, stirred for years by the indomitable Golda, may have had some difficulty identifying with the softer configuration. It was the artist's genius to discern this almost secret aspect of her makeup, one that she never hid from friends.

I WAS REMINDED of all this when I read that China would not permit Soyer's painting of Meir (or one of Douglas MacArthur) as part of a traveling exhibit chosen from the National Portrait Gallery's collection. The Chinese said that the portraits "involve politically sensitive questions ... against the present policies of China ... and will inevitably arouse some incidents, bringing about a lot of problems." The United States Information Agency was right to tell Beijing to stuff it; we shouldn't be accomplices to China's thought police. So the Chinese will not be able to see Augustus John's Tallulah Bankhead or Andy Warhol's Michael Jackson. Or Jo Davidson's portrait of John D. Rockefeller, about which they apparently had no political anxieties. Maybe they imagined the dour visage of the driven capitalist inspiring the masses to entrepreneurship. If so, it's just another sign that their respect for capitalism cannot necessarily be equated with appreciation of freedom.

SCHADENFREUDE is a German word for an ugly sentiment we all feel occasionally: joy in other people's troubles. There was an especially ugly contagion of *Schadenfreude* recently when my Cambridge neighbor and colleague, the economist Glenn Loury, was booked on charges of assault by "shod foot." The imputed victim was a live-in girlfriend in this married man's second apartment. The *Globe* put it in on the front page, all but rendering its guilty verdict before Loury had even a day in court. The fact that he was a well-known black neoconservative was almost part of the evidence against him. These black neoconservatives are capable of anything: they're against affirmative action as currently practiced, they believe the welfare system has paralyzed the poor, they don't think that white racism sufficiently explains the black underclass, they urge policies that would shore up the two-parent family. For compellingly articulating these views, Loury had been slated for undersecretary at Bill Bennett's Department of Traditional Values. You can imagine what Loury's enemies said about his traditional values when this tacky little domestic quarrel made the news. Predictably, the truth about the fight was somewhat more ordinary and far less violent than was reported. Loury has often spoken of the taboo topics among black intelligentsia and activists. Those who violate the taboos, he says, are accused of using "emblematic speech" that is "objectively" useful to "the enemy." It's why New York's black police commissioner, Benjamin Ward, brought down a storm on his head when he said the city's crime problem was largely of black victims and black perpetrators. It's why Coretta King couldn't bring herself to condemn necklacing in South Africa. TNR welcomes Loury's "emblematic speech" because the truth, even the inconvenient truth, is harmful only to the enemies of justice, and because, as the Good Book has it, the truth shall also make us free.

I AM READING a remarkable family memoir by my friend Michael Ignatieff. *The Russian Album* (Viking), his fifth book, is a vivid re-creation of the lives of his paternal grandparents, both children of the czarist nobility. On the eve of the Revolution, his grandfather was the liberal minister of education in the Cabinet of Nicholas II. An accomplished historian, Ignatieff also is adept at the idiosyncrasies of character. Perhaps this is partly due to the ambivalent interaction of a descendant with ancestors, a socialist with monarchists. I always thought Ignatieff rootless and almost deracinated. Years ago we argued about the choice between wingedness and rootedness, I arguing for the latter. In this book, on his roots, Ignatieff still makes the cosmopolitan case for wings, describing expatriation as the quintessential modern journey. In any case, Ignatieff's life is now of his own making. He has more than fulfilled the promise some of us saw in him when, years ago, we argued unsuccessfully that he be promoted to assistant professor. His key opponent remonstrated that, given his advantages as a scion of the aristocracy, and an especially handsome one too, his accomplishments were less than they appeared. This new low in academic discourse was reached by Theda Skockpol, who has now bullied her way into a professorship of sociology at Harvard by charging that she had been denied the appointment because she was a woman. I don't believe that anything so extraneous ever weighed against her. But I understand why she may believe it. It was a projection from the time when her irrelevant prejudices against a talented young scholar weighed heavily indeed.

M. P.

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